EVERY PAGE INTERESTS

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 28. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING MAY 15, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Highest Awards
10 Gold Medals for Excellence.

HARRY HALL

Established over 26 years.

Civil and Sporting Tailor and Breeches Maker,

205, OXFORD STREET, W. (Near Oxford Circus),
21=31, ELDON STREET, LIVERPOOL STREET, E.C.

21s. Gold Medal Riding Breeches.

Lace or Button Knees, Split Fall or Fly Front, **Cut as Hunting Breeches,** very clean at knees.

Best-fitting and Value Breeches worn.

In real Harris and Scotch Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, **Riding Cords, BURBERRY'S** famous **GABARDINE** (Thorn, Rainproof, and Washable).

Perfect freedom in Riding, Shooting, Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Motoring, etc.

POLO BREECHES, 25/-

Oxford Leggings, in all Leathers, 16/6

"I am well pleased with the Breeches, Coat and Vest, the fit being perfect."—K. G. F., Westmeath.

Made from customers' own Measures.
PATTERNS POST FREE.

Jacket Suit (to measure) 50s.

(Worth and frequently sold at 63/-.)

The Coat can be cut as illustrated, or with two, three, or four button front, to taste of wearer.

MATERIALS.

Indigo Dye, Serges, Worsteds, Scotch Tweeds, Donegal Homespuns, etc., etc.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

THE "DERBY" MACKINTOSH. 25s.

(Worth and frequently sold at 2 guineas.)

Made from double texture fawn Paramatta.

Driving or wind straps on cuff. Sewn seams and edges. Guaranteed waterproof.

Indispensable when Driving, Riding, Walking, Fishing, Motoring, etc.

For immediate wear.

Stocked from 36-in. to 42-in. Chest over Jacket.

Sample coat sent on receipt of covering amount, or Banker's or trade references.
Carriage paid U.K.

The "H.H. RAYNREZYSTA." Regd. 25s.

(Worth 2 guineas.)

For Rain or Shine.
Town, Country, Travel, or Sport.

A distinctive, skirty, unlined Overcoat, with satin-lined sleeves. In showerproofed Covert Coatings. .

RAINPROOF, POROUS & HYGIENIC.

The Ideal Light-weight Overcoat for SPRING, SUMMER & AUTUMN.

For immediate wear.

Stocked 36 to 42-in. Chest over Jacket.

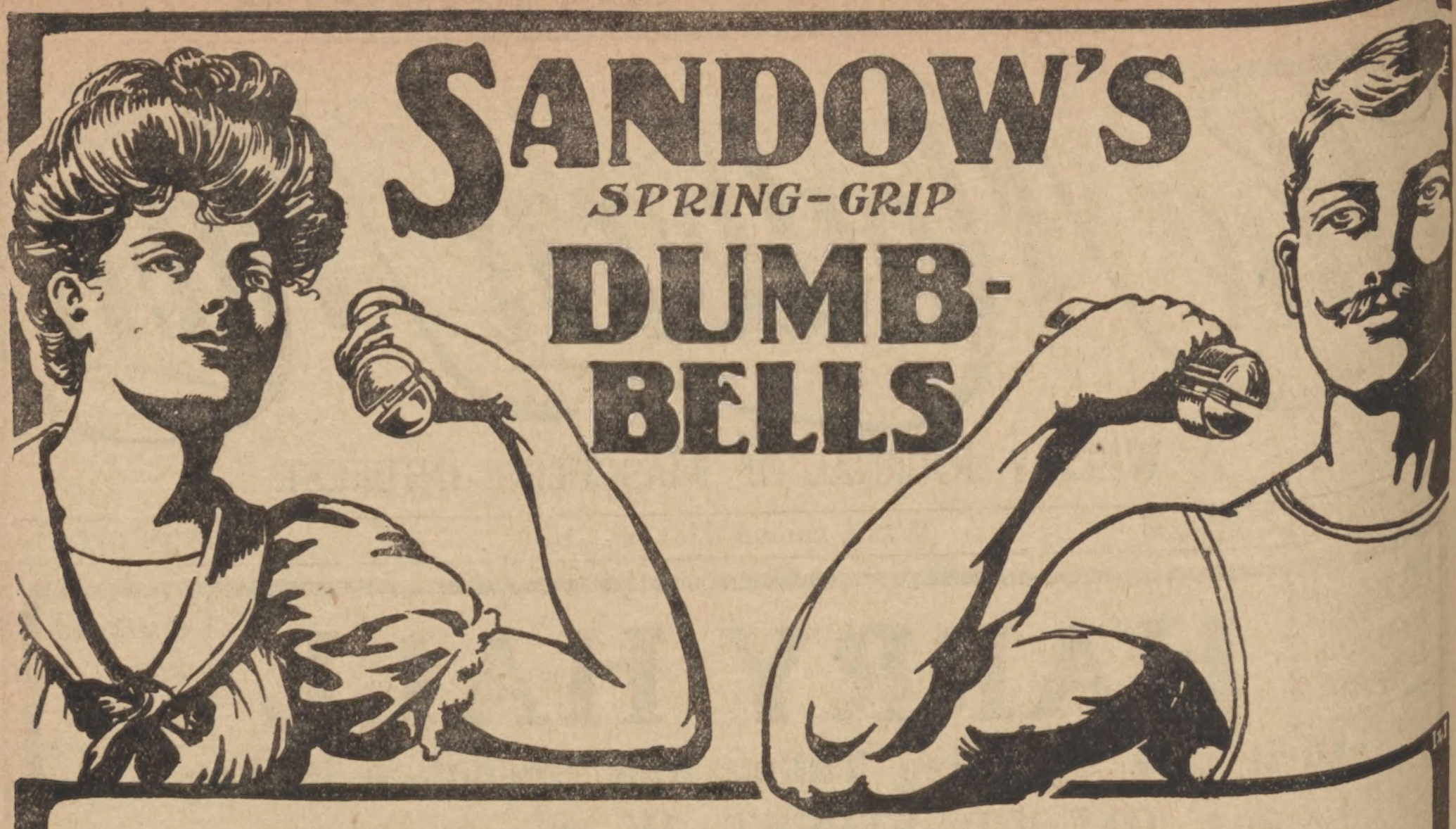
Sample Coat sent on receipt of 25/-, or Banker's or trade references.
Carriage paid U.K.

Best Value & Style Ever Offered.

The Patronage of Gentlemen requiring a Tailor charging the lowest remunerative prices consistent with best goods and workmanship, and who guarantees perfect fitting garments of every description, is respectfully solicited.

VISITORS TO LONDON are invited to call and have record measures taken for Coats and Breeches, or can order and be *fitted same day.*

COPYRIGHT.]



SANDOW'S SPRING GRIP DUMB-BELLS

For ONE PENNY A DAY until Paid for.

Perfect Health and Strength and a Muscular Development to be proud of can now be obtained for the small sum of *ONE PENNY PER DAY.*

DON'T DELAY. ORDER AT ONCE.

A Splendid Muscular Development within the reach of every British Man or Boy.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, which have risen to be the leading Physical Culture appliance of the world, were invented with the direct idea of forcing the user to concentrate his mind on the particular muscle or group of muscles exercised.

SANDOW'S SYSTEM.

It is this vital principle of concentration which has enabled the Sandow System to attain an enormous success in every quarter of the world, and it enables the pupil to attain perfect Health and Strength and Development by using the Grip Dumb-Bells regularly for

FIVE TO FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY.

This is very little time to ask you to give to the development of your body, and, as you well know, the strenuous times in which we live make it absolutely necessary for every man and youth who wishes to be successful to be the happy possessor of sound, vigorous, all-round health, strong, supple muscles and limbs, perfect digestion, a clear active brain, and nerves of steel, and the Grip Dumb-Bells are able to give you all this, and more.

To prove to you the truth of all we claim for these Dumb-Bells we are prepared to make you the following exceptional offer, viz.:

1. TO USE SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS FREE OF COST FOR 30 DAYS.

Send your order for Dumb-Bells, together with the necessary amount of cash in P.O., to our address, and we will send by return, carriage paid, the pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells desired. With the Dumb-Bells we shall include (free of charge) a complete set of charts for a month's work. These have been specially prepared by Mr. Sandow.

You can then use the Dumb-Bells for thirty days, and if at the end of that period you are not satisfied with the results, send them back, and we will return your money in full. We stand all risk.

The above offer is, as you will see, a very generous one; but we have come to the conclusion that it might be inconvenient for you to pay the whole amount at once, and as we have a great belief in the honesty of the readers of this paper, we make you Offer No. 2, viz.:

2. YOU CAN PAY FOR THE GRIP DUMB-BELLS BY INSTALMENTS OF ONE PENNY A DAY.

We will immediately, on receipt of postal order for 2s. 6d., send you, post free, a pair of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, together with a complete set of charts for a month's work. These have been specially prepared by Mr. Sandow.

The balance to be paid in monthly instalments of 2s. 6d. (equal to One Penny per day). No references or other formalities are necessary; simply send your order, together with half-a-crown, and the Dumb-Bells will reach you by return of post.

The Dumb-Bells are made in the following sizes and prices:

GENTLEMEN'S Nickel-plated, leather-cloth-covered handles, weight about 3 lbs. each Dumb-bell; 7 adjustable springs. Price **12/6** per pair, or **2/6** down & balance by four monthly instalments of **2/6** each.

YOUTHS' Nickel-plated, leather-cloth-covered handles, weight about 2 lbs. each Dumb-Bell; 5 adjustable springs. Price **10/6** per pair, or **2/6** down and balance by three monthly instalments.

The Grip Dumb-Bells are sent post free, securely packed, with fully illustrated Charts, containing the fundamental exercises of the Sandow System, in addition to a quantity of other valuable information, with hints on how, when, and where to exercise.

In conclusion, we would remind you that these Dumb-Bells build up organic as well as muscular strength. Their use enriches the blood, and they are absolutely safe, and speedily relieve any diseases resulting from a sedentary life. They make you strong like SANDOW, and enable you to attain that dominant will-power that has made Great Britain the leading nation upon earth.

The Springs being removable, they can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete, and are a perfect and complete Physical Culture Outfit. Address all communications to—

Room 39, SANDOW HALL, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 28. WEEK ENDING MAY 15TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

SLOPPINESS.

A BRIEF PHILOSOPHY.

A friend of mine is a carting contractor in a small way, but in spite of his trade he has a very convincing if simple philosophy.

The other morning I was in his yard as his carts were leaving and we were discussing the men and the horses.

"I'm going to sack that man," my friend remarked, indicating one of the carters.

I asked him why.

"Can't you see," he said, "that he hasn't laced his boots all the way up? It isn't that I'll sack him for. It doesn't matter to me how my men dress provided they get through the work, but that little thing shows him to be sloppy. He'll be sloppy next in grooming his horse, and it's ten to one that one of these days he'll be sloppy in driving, so that I'll have a nice little bill to meet for damages over the collision that he's going to make.

"Don't think I'm hard or pig-headed in forecasting like this what is going to happen. Mind you, I'm not going to sack him because he hasn't laced his boots up; I'll wait till the other things happen, but I won't wait till the time for the collision arrives—I can't afford that."

I asked him why he said that a man who did not lace his boots properly must necessarily be what he termed sloppy.

"I know it from experience," he said. "When a young fellow starts, what he wants is to be well in with the girls. Later on he marries one of them, and then what he wants is to be well in with his wife. He can't afford to be a swell and he doesn't want to be one, but he does want to be trim and tidy—that's the word. When I see a man stop being tidy I know that he has got his interests upon something else. You can't have a better motive in life than a woman—a good one of course—and women won't look at a man who's untidy. Therefore when I see a man careless about the little things connected with his clothes, I know he's not living for a woman but for beer. The end is never far off."

The contractor's simple philosophy seems applicable to other matters. I have noticed in the Territorials that the man who takes most trouble with his uniform and accoutrements is generally the most ardent soldier; it is not he who tries to discover the minimum of drills.

It is the same with the Regulars. An old officer, who is a friend of mine, said, when I mentioned this theory to him, "You're quite right. If a man ever has to be reprimanded for neglecting his uniform, it would be just as well, as far as the Army is concerned, to give him notice to quit, for he's never going to be a good soldier."

Call it vanity or what you like, but attention to the person and its outfit appears to be inseparable from general efficiency and go; not that this attention necessarily demands expenditure; in most cases it is merely a question of care and a clothes brush.

WALTER SNARGATE.

COPYRIGHT.

CHEEK.

What is the difference between Nelson and some of the Labour Members of Parliament? Don't know, can't guess, give it up? Why, the last thing he did was to die for his country, and that is about the last thing they would think of doing.

* * * * * * *

Never having seen a professional football match before, a friend accepted our invitation to accompany us to the recent Cup Final, and he *was* pleased with what he saw. He had heard a good deal about the unsportsmanlike character of professional play, but evidently he had been grossly misinformed. In the whole course of the game he counted only eleven dirty and deliberate fouls, excluding two cases of kicking at a man when the ball was out of play, and one of attempting to fight.

* * * * * * *

But what made him fairly whoop with joy was the grand sporting spirit shown by a player, who, a free kick being given against him, kicked the ball away as far as he could, so that the other side had to go and fetch it.

* * * * * * *

We imagine that if Mr. J. Mason, the admirable referee of the Cup Final, were ever hard put to it, he could command a large salary at the music-halls as a "star" performer on the whistle.

* * * * * * *

It is rumoured that when Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., becomes Prime Minister of England—or of what will then be left of her—he will introduce a Bill to make pulling his leg a penal offence.

* * * * * * *

In that delightful play "The Chorus Lady" at the Vaudeville Theatre, they speak of a certain character as having "nothing on his mind but his hair." The implication, of course, is that he is a hare-brained sort of chap.

* * * * * * *

A Swansea man, found stranded at Willesden and charged with begging, gave this explanation of himself: "Whilst I was drunk my friends must have put me into a London excursion train 'for a lark.'" Well may he murmur—save me from my friends!

* * * * * * *

Mr. Lambert, M.P., has been saying rude things about the people who "want eight and won't wait." Yet he is the *Civil* Lord of the Admiralty.

* * * * * * *

Recently we came across an article by Mr. W. T. Stead on "The Blue Water Cure for the Great White Plague." We were disappointed to find that it had no reference to His Majesty's Government.

* * * * * * *

The "British Dental Journal" recommends as a local anæsthetic paraamidobenzoyldiethylaminoetheriolhydrochloride. It is understood that patients lose consciousness in trying to pronounce para, etc., etc.

NORMAN FRASER.

THE LUST OF BLOOD.

ARE MODERN SPORTSMEN SAVAGES?

It is always difficult to discuss questions of sport and still keep to the truth. No class of men are more guilty of deceiving themselves concerning their motives than are sportsmen. Just the other day I was discussing the question of motive with a man who hunts during the winter months at least three times a week.

I asked him to analyse for my benefit his sentiments in regard to his favourite pastime.

"I hunt," he said, "for the sake of observing the ability of the hounds, for the sake of the exereise, and because I possess an instinctive liking for the chase."

I then suggested that a drag hunt, where a mounted man acts the part of fox by drawing a bag filled with various strong-smelling substances across the ground, afforded the field just as much exercise, and demanded just as much skill on the part of the hounds.

"That is perfectly true," he replied, "but drag hunts are dull affairs. Nobody would willingly follow a drag hunt in a country where there are foxes."

The difference was the absence and the presence of blood.

I would have you know that the man who said these things was as kind-hearted a being as I ever desire to meet. I am inclined to agree with him concerning the dulness of the drag hunt, and consequently I must stand side by side with him to answer the charge of inconsistency.

I have seen women turn away while harriers killed a hare. They have confessed to me that they could not bear to see the little animal giving up its life, but these same women have been loud in their lamentations after a day's sport where there have been many fine runs and much excitement but not a single kill. They wanted the hare to be killed, and yet they didn't.

He, they, I, and all other lovers of sport, must confess ourselves inconsistent but unashamed.

Personally I have no great fancy for sports where there is nothing to kill. I don't want to see the death of birds and other game, but when I point my gun at them I want to see them come down.

I don't know why.

Possibly some philosopher—for I am none—may enlighten me, but before he puts on his thinking cap I should like him to know that I am not a cruel brute.

A child in sorrow rends my heart-strings at once; I have even wept in sympathy with an old woman as she told me a pitiful tale.

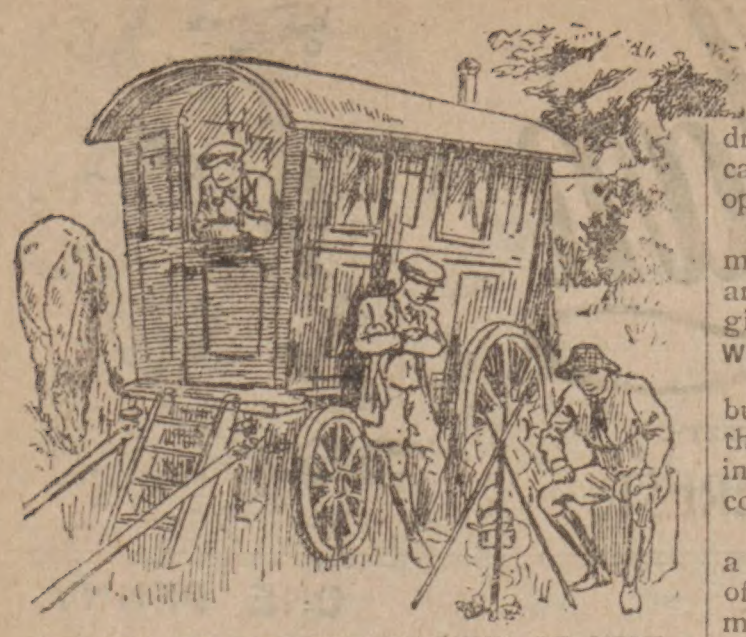
But all the same I have the Englishman's liking for killing things. Always fairly, be it remembered.

If I saw a beetle on the floor I should not crush it, but should pick it up and put it out of the window. You might call that absurd tender-heartedness; you might also call me cruel for killing things in the course of my sport.

For my part I don't know what I am, except that I love sport and always shall.

T. W. GARDEN.

Caravanning



A FORM OF HOLIDAY WORTHY OF YOUR CONSIDERATION.

The caravanner is independent as the gipsy, free to move or stay, just as he pleases; he has a roof over his head, and can laugh at the weather. His van provides all the transport he needs, and he has to meet no expenses for railway fares or carriage of camp equipment for his holiday.

Every man has still a touch of the nomad left in him, and the wandering from place to place as fancy directs is undeniably attractive, in a way that a journey from one hotel or inn to another, even by road, never can be. If night overtakes you on the road, all you have to do is to "out-span," hobble your horse, and you are ready to cook and enjoy your evening meal without the trouble of pitching a tent—always a difficult business in the dark.

MILLIONAIRE GIPSIES.

Caravanning is supposed by many to be an expensive pastime. Their ideas are perhaps derived from those luxurious palaces on wheels in which a few millionaires take their pleasure. A sumptuously fitted van of this kind may cost in the first instance anything from £250 to £1,000, but as a matter of fact a caravan holiday—especially when you know the ropes—may be made far cheaper than an ordinary one at a seaside resort, or some other place where your pleasure will be spoilt by your being continually aware that thousands of other people are having a holiday at the same time, at the same place, and in the same way as yourself.

When a holiday of this sort is over, it is done with, except as far as the benefit to your health goes; but of a caravan holiday every incident will stand out in your mind for years; you gain a knowledge of the country and of your fellow-men, of whom you meet the best types in their natural surroundings.

HOW TO GET A CARAVAN.

But to return to the cost—the first consideration with most of us. You will naturally not wish to buy your caravan outright. Even if, by joining together, you and your friends can lay hands on sufficient capital, you will want to give this form of holiday a trial before committing yourselves to the outlay.

A few years ago the only other means of getting your temporary home on wheels would have been to hire a caravan from a gipsy, or to make shift with an ordinary carter's van with a tilt over the top.

The latter plan is adopted for choice by many enthusiasts, and they carry a tent which is pitched at night time, or sleep in hammocks slung inside the van. Even a two-wheeled cart can be made to answer the purpose. The cost of this method is, of course, much less than that of hiring a fitted caravan, but the discomforts are proportionately greater.

The hiring of a van from a gipsy is not on the whole to be recommended, as you will be forced to hire a certain amount of dirt (and possibly of undesirable live-stock) with it, although this plan also is a cheap one, the gipsy being only too glad to earn a few shillings a week by letting out his home and the horse that draws it, during the summer months when he can sleep comfortably under canvas or in the open.

But nowadays it is possible to hire caravans made specially for the holiday-maker, lighter and roomier, and better fitted than those of the gipsy.

WHAT IT COSTS.

The cost varies according to the time of year, but in May a good caravan can be secured for the whole month for five guineas or so, while in August, when the prices are highest, it would cost fifteen guineas.

In addition to this the horse costs another £1 a week. His fodder, if due advantage is taken of grass by the wayside, should not come to much more than 5s. a week.

One of the party should always be made solely responsible for the horse's welfare, and it is well that he should have some little experience, as you are to be so dependent upon the equine member of the expedition.

By dividing the expenses, therefore, amongst three or four, they can be reduced to from £1 to £2 a week for each member of the party.

A USEFUL COMPANION.

A good watch-dog will prove invaluable, not only for protection at night from unwelcome visitors, but because he will make it possible for you safely to leave the caravan locked up when you go on a foraging or other expedition.

From ten to twenty-five miles will make an average day's journey, according to whether the road is hilly or not. With a light caravan you can sometimes trot on the level.

Anyhow, if you are on the look-out for a healthy open-air holiday with all the glamour of a new experience, and better opportunities of seeing life than you could ever get by staying in one place, try caravanning.

F. C. GILES.

NAMING HOUSES.

You name your house in a moment, but the name you give it affects you during all the time you stay within its walls.

A good address is useful for business purposes, and it may be socially as well, but in choosing as good a name as possible some care must be taken to avoid being ridiculous. To call a little half-house "Oaklands," when the only vestige of a tree is a tiny sapling in the front garden, may look very well as a note-paper heading, but any person who may have been impressed by the name of your house receives a rude shock when he beholds it in actual brick and mortar.

It is just as absurd to call a little villa of this kind "Holingbourne House." The thing one should aim at is to get a name which looks dignified and is yet justified however modest your dwelling may be. "Chalfont" might be a castle or a cottage. It is short and non-committal.

Every working man names his children Cecil, Beatrice, Vincent, or Phyllis, and those of more worldly wealth are now reverting to the older names of John, Henry, and George. In the same way there has been a reaction within recent years to very simple names as applied to large houses. Miss Marie Corelli lives in a mansion which she has named "Mason Croft"; another handsome house, Crown property by the way, is named "Kew Cottage." Where houses do not stand alone, but form part of a street, the habit of naming them individually has largely been dropped and simple numbers are once more finding favour.

Above all things avoid such names as "St. Asaph's," "Hurstdene," "Sunnyside," "Riverview," and such as have been duplicated to such an extent as to lose all individuality.

You don't want to have your house branded with a name that is absurdly original, but you do want a name that people can remember.

ETIQUETTE.

X. IN THE STREET.

A correspondent puts this problem to me: "Recently I was walking with a lady in the street, when we met another lady whom I knew, but whom my companion did not know. The second lady wanted to speak to me, and so, of course, I had to stop. I felt uncertain whether to introduce the two ladies, but as I thought it might be taking a liberty to do so, I did not. Was I right or wrong?"

Right, right every time. You should never introduce ladies meeting in such circumstances, unless you have particular and infallible reasons for knowing that they wish to become acquainted, and that the introduction will be welcomed on both sides.

If, when walking with a lady, you meet a masculine acquaintance whom she does not know, you should not introduce him to her, unless for some very special reason, nor again, if with a man, should you present him to a lady met in the street.

Even where men only are concerned, that is, when you are with a man and you meet a third man whom he does not know, there is no need to introduce them, unless you have some particular reason for wishing to make them acquainted, as, for example, their both being great friends of yours.

But to introduce a casual acquaintance to a casual acquaintance, or a man you scarcely know to a man you know very well is sometimes little short of an insult.

There is far too much of this casual introducing among men nowadays, and a good general rule is never to make an introduction (outside your house, where all may be presumed to meet as friends and equals) unless you have strong reason to believe that both parties want to know each other.

Another correspondent is troubled on the subject of bowing to a lady. In the first article of this series I dealt with this question under the title of "The Hat," but may repeat part of what I said at the time.

It is for a lady to bow first to a gentleman, and he must not presume to recognise her before she has recognised him.

Between friends, however, the recognition is practically simultaneous, and in the case of a lady you know really well you need have no hesitation in, so to speak, "catching her eye" and bowing at the same time.

But *never* presume on an introduction made at dinner, dance, or other entertainment to bow to a lady the next time you meet her, unless she bows first.

What should you do when you meet the same people two or three times in the course of a morning or afternoon? You need only bow to them the first time, and no further recognition is necessary on either side at subsequent meetings, though if you know each other well you will probably smile or nod as you pass.

"Keep to the right" is, of course, the rule of the street, and when with a lady you should always keep on her outside, that is, next to the curbstone. Make way by stepping back or into the road for ladies passing you, but hold your place in the case of a man by himself, as it is for him to get out of the way if you are with a lady, it being your duty to keep beside her all the time.

A difficult situation arises when you see a lady in some slight trouble—in any serious matter, you would, of course, at once go to her assistance.

But what to do when a lady drops a parcel, cannot open a gate, or is in some little fix of that sort, is rather a knotty point.

If you proffer assistance, you may be thought presuming or worse; on the other hand, every chivalrous instinct in you impels you to go to the help of beauty in distress.

All I can say is, don't be officious; make sure that assistance is really needed, and don't forget to raise your hat when offering it.

E. H. HIME.

A SKETCH.

By W. H. WRIGHTSON.

The Roving Spirit.

There is a horrible malady which falls on the best of us at times, and it has various names. The French call it *ennui*, and the modern young Englishman terms it "the blues." It is that dread state of being hopelessly "bored," and Mr. Rudyard Kipling says that the average Briton fears this more than death.

The Frenchman upon these occasions strolls on to the boulevards, sips questionable concoctions out of liqueur glasses, and, sitting outside the cafés, makes sport with well-dressed women. But We consider ourselves more stolid. That sort of thing does not appeal to us. So we mope about, smoke cigarettes disgustedly and throw them away half-consumed. Everything is a beastly nuisance—we are bored.

It may be that the liver is out of order—prosaic that. Well, we have not all got horses to ride, and, if we had, we should find we are sick of horse-riding.

We are in London? Smelly hole! In the country? Dull as ditch-water. Wherever we are at the moment is the slackest place on earth and the miserable, stupid people, continually talking in the bars about the horrible state of "things," still manage to go on drinking Scotch and soda in unlimited quantities.

Oh, let's clear out of it! That's it—clear out of it!

That is exactly what led me to the discovery of the Spirit of the Towns. I flung a pair of pyjamas and the usual tooth-brush, etc., into a small handbag. Then bidding the people at home expect me back when I returned, I jumped into a tram going towards the station.

As I say *the* station you will gather that I live in the provinces. I felt happier when I got into that tram. Life was beginning to tingle again through my veins. I had discovered a remedy for my boredom. It was to have a ticket to somewhere and feel I had some object, some semi-adventure in view.

I walked quickly into the station and a porter grasped my handbag, while I went to the booking office.

For a moment I stood irresolutely at the box.

"What station do you want, sir?" asked the booking clerk.

"Well, what have you got?" I inquired. The man evidently thought I was mad or absent-minded.

He named several jokingly.

I passed them by because they were places where I was likely to meet friends! What I wanted was absolute change, not even the brogue of my county to grate on my ears.

"How far does the next train go?" I asked.

He named a town in the Midlands that I had never visited. I took a return ticket. Then I put my bag in the carriage, my hat on the rack, bought a paper, and flung myself into the cushions with a deep sigh of relief. It was a busy station and the platforms resounded to the musical truckle of the wheeling of luggage barrows, and there was that rich old railway smell which never fails to suggest to me the young lady in the Inverness cape who stands on the top of the Globe in Cook's Tours Advertisements, with a red guide book in her hand, while around her are the high-sounding names of the globe-trotting places I hope one day to visit before I die contented—Davos Platz, Interlaken, Lucerne, the Upper Engadine, Nice, Cannes, Cairo!—What a jumble of them, to be sure, but each one has a different sort of *sense* to me. I wish I could express it to you exactly, but there is no word in our English language that can tell you precisely how their different nomenclature conjures up their—yes, their spirit—before me.

The guard's whistle sounded, and the train drew slowly out of the station. As I saw the outskirts of my native town disappearing, I was exceeding glad, and I was quite ready to bid good-bye for ever to the dull leaden North Sea that I could see beyond the cliffs. What a selfish, insignificant, little place it was! How could it be compared to Manchester where the cotton goods for half the world were made, Liverpool with its leviathans on the Mersey, Edinburgh frowning and historic, and London—where one can obtain the best steak off a silver grill in the world!

Yes, that is what the land-holding agriculturists, the ruddy-cheeked men from the open country, admire the Hub of the Universe for—its perfect restaurants, where you can consume a chop *tempo di valse*, to the soft strains of a string band behind the tall palms in the corner. And the savoury smell of those restaurants permeates the atmosphere of the Charing Cross end of the Strand, it drifts out of the Courts in Fleet-Street, it lurks around the West End—and that, I say, half composes the Spirit of London!

It was an autumn afternoon, and a tall man, looking fit, for all that his hair was turning grey in places, got in at a country station. I was beginning to taste the change, for he carried a couple of sporting rifles and several brace of pheasants. A retriever climbed in after him, and curling up his tail and closing his eyes, sank into deep repose on the seat.

It was not long before we exchanged cards, cigars, and the usual amenities. We chatted about hunting, and he told me that he was going out with the Quorn on the following day at Melton Mowbray. Lucky man!

He only wore a gun-metal watch on his thick wrist, and the old waistcoat, beneath his Norfolk jacket with the big patch pockets, was innocent of a gold chain, but there was breeding in him—the clear grey eye, the slightly proud lips, the easy graceful carriage, and the unaccented speech. They told their own tale, and it did not need the obsequious attention of the porters at every station we passed, nearing Melton Mowbray, to confirm the fact that he was a Leicestershire sportsman of honoured name.

I wish I could bring his portrait clearly to your mind—that hard, tanned, well-cut face, and the brown, blue-veined hands of his that doubtless could play as artistically upon a horse's mouth as Paderewski could touch the notes of a piano.

We both got out at Leicester, and in the old courtyard of the "County" hotel, a groom held as smart a bay as ever trotted perfectly between the shafts. Again I broke the Tenth Commandment.

It occurred to my new friend to ask my business in the town. I told him exactly what had sent me on that little journey to Nowhere in Particular. I expected him to laugh. I was really amused at myself.

"That's the sort of thing," he said, "that seems to stir in every young Englishman's blood. It sent *me*, I remember, big game shooting in Africa. You wanted to taste a new atmosphere, try a new vintage, eh?—ah! yes, I understand. I'd like to bet you'd be over the Channel to-night if you had your way. Yes, all the money in the world to nothing, you would, and you'd then sigh for the roast beef of Old England before a week was out, I tell you!

"It would be a pleasure to hear an English tongue and get a bottle of good English beer—when the German lager had thoroughly depressed you. Up the Matterhorn? Yes, I've tried it with other reckless idiots—but if it happened to be a regular hunting day at Home, then I'd wish I was with 'em, jumping the fences in the Cut-me-Down Country, and I'd try to trace the smell of the damp English woods through the keen air. Funny, isn't it?"

The Quorn, he said, were to meet on the morrow at Melton. 'Supposed he would see me there? Good-bye. Good luck!

The groom stepped back smartly as he let the horse's head go, touched his cap, and deftly caught a coin.

I wanted to see more of his kind, and I offered to stand him unlimited beer in his favourite resort—not in the hotel bars.

He conducted me into a low-ceilinged smoke-fogged little hostelry where "snipy" faced men, stepped straight out of G. D. Armour's pictures apparently, quaffed tankards of ale, and talked horse with occasional variations to hounds. Here, too, I heard the point of view of the "other side" and "saw the world through other eyes." My new acquaintances lived by hunting practically, and the sport provided them with their daily bread. Half of them were grooms or stablemen in the service of the big county families, and the other half either hoped to, or would be.

Their talk was not so much of sensational runs, as of who would succeed old ——, the Huntsman, who was now to retire on a well-earned pension, or why had the footman at Colonel So-and-So's been dismissed.

They seemed to know every inch of the country around and had names for most of the ticklish jumps—names that did not appear in the conversation of polite society. It was primitive and more than expressive, but it was all real Leicestershire.

I drank "mild" with them, munched bread and cheese, and then filled an oily clay pipe presented to me suddenly by a man who said he "knew a toff when he saw one—though he did try to talk Leicester." I was wallowing in it all. This new life was so different to my own mode of existence. I spent the evening with these cheery companions, and resisting an invitation to sleep in a hay loft, for that I had already booked my room, I left them. I have since regretted that I did not sleep in the hayloft—it would have been a weird experience.

Wherefore, upon the next day I was permitted by Providence to see the Quorn pack in full cry, nose to ground and sterns waving, in the country around Melton.

The sleek, peerless hunters and their riders, and the ladies, their complexions red and fresh in the morning breeze, make a picture of moving colour not easily effaced from the mind's eye.

"Awa-ay! Gone away!" comes the yell.

The field is sweeping down the dip on a hot scent and soon Reynard is viewed slinking swiftly along, hugging the hedge. Now a race ere he gets to earth again—and to blazes with the worst jump in the Midlands. Over or down, who cares?

"Yoicks! Away!" and the huntsman winds his horn.

Indeed, that is the Spirit of Leicestershire, and once you have caught it fairly, it hovers around you when you least want it, haunts you when circumstance has doomed you to an occasional pottering about with nondescript harriers—or worse still, no hunting at all!

* * * * * * *

I returned to my own town. In the summer it is a "popular seaside resort," and in the autumn it reeks of salted herring.

I met a Scottie from Peterhead, a kindly old man, who owned a little boat upon which I had often been entertained to a broth supper made by a youthful and grimy cook.

"Hallo, Mac!" I cried cheerily. "Now what would you call the Spirit of Peterhead?"

"Speerit o' Peterhead? Weel, mon, they gie ye a dom gude measure for two pennies roond the corner!"

The Art of Ball-Punching.

Leading with the right.

ONE OF THE FINEST EXERCISES A MAN CAN PRACTISE.

People are apt to think that ball-punching is an exercise for boxers only, but this is a mistake.

Certainly ball-punching is an indispensable part of the boxer's training, but on the other hand it may be pursued by those who have no pugilistic ambitions whatsoever, and pursued with the utmost benefit to health and physical development. It is to such that these hints on ball-punching are addressed.

You may either buy a ball-punching apparatus, or rig one up yourself—the process has already been fully explained in THE MODERN MAN.

Whether the ball be shop- or home-made, see to it that in the first place it hangs just level with your face.

A short cord is better than a long one, as it gives a swifter rebound, and the quicker the rebound the finer the exercise.

THE CORRECT STANCE.

Always wear a pair of ball-punching gloves when practising. There is no sense in hurting your hands, and unless you are a professional "pug" you don't want to harden and toughen the skin.

In addressing the ball—that is preparing to hit it—stand neither too close nor too far away. The ball should be within easy reach so that you can hit it with all your might without either over-reaching or straining yourself.

The fists should be clenched as tightly as possible.

Rapidity of action is what you are aiming at, but it is only to be reached by slow beginnings.

After the first punch don't try as a beginner to hit the ball again until the second or even the third rebound. You want to acquire confidence at the start, and the only way to do so is by going dead slow.

Wear a light, loose costume, stripping to the waist if possible.

Never hit down on the ball, and never take your eyes off it.

I have said that ball-punching is not for boxers only, but while practising it, it will do you no harm also to learn the simple leads and blows in boxing.

You should take such a position that by a short step forward with the left foot you can hit the ball "good and hard."

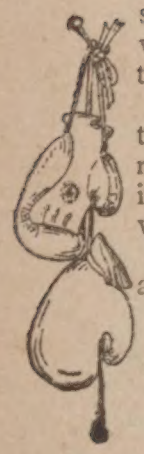
THE TRIALS OF THE NOVICE.

Do this, stepping in with the left and hitting the ball in the centre as hard as you can with the left fist. If you have hit the ball fair and true you will then probably sit down—and suddenly—and proceed very heartily to curse the writer of this article, for the ball rebounding will have hit you a terrific smack in the face.

Therefore as you hit, slant the head slightly to the right, and as soon as you have struck spring back ready to step in and punch the ball again.

A left lead.

At first let it rebound at least a second time before trying to hit it again. Slanting the head will let the ball fly off your shoulder if you are slow in getting back—that is, if you have hit it fair and square; if you haven't, it will come back at all sorts of unexpected angles, and will infallibly search out your tenderest facial spots.



Keep at the left lead until you can punch and time the ball pretty accurately. Then try the right lead, that is stepping in with the right foot, inclining the head to the left, and punching with the right fist.

Don't bother too much about your stand in addressing the ball; all boxers "square up" differently, and you will soon find out which is to you the best and easiest position for delivering the hardest blow you are capable of.

As to the blow, it may be delivered in the old-fashioned way, that is, straight from the shoulder, or, the modern mode, from a short or half-arm position.

The latter method, provided the body, and especially the shoulder, is swung behind the blow, gives a far harder punch than the straight from the shoulder style.

Half-arm or not, you must hit straight, and the ball will soon tell you if you are not doing so.

LEADS AND HOOK BLOWS.

The left and right leads are the foundation of all ball-punching and boxing, and once you have learned them you can introduce all sorts of combinations, leading alternately with either hand, and so on, but never lead with both hands at once—that is simply foolish.

Next we come to hook blows. Advance to close range, keeping the left foot six or eight inches in front of the right.

Crook the right elbow fairly close to the body, so that the fist is by your jaw. Now pivot or swing on the left foot and hit as hard and quick as you can with your right fist. During this movement the right foot must not be allowed to change its position, the swing coming entirely from the hips and waist.

Come back after each blow; that is, pull your arm and body back, but don't move your feet. This is a body swing blow, and affords tremendous exercise, apart from teaching you one of the most deadly blows in the boxer's bag of tricks. You will, of course, practise hooking with the left as well as the right, and, having learned both, you can introduce many variations, and also now alternate hooks with left and right leads.

The tattoo.

Swinging blows are the next on the list. They are dangerous punches to try in boxing unless the other man is at his last gasp, owing to the way they expose you to reprisals, but they are grand exercise for the ball-puncher.

As their name implies, you just swing at the ball as hard as you can with either hand, either upwards or horizontally, but never downwards.

In swinging you are liable to be taken by surprise, for the ball travels with tremendous velocity. *Therefore, keep your eye on the ball.* If you can punch it a second time before it has rebounded four or five times you are not doing badly.

UPPER-CUT AND SHIFT.

The upper-cut is a variety of hook-hit, the chief difference between it and the hook as already described is that the punch is delivered upwards, and not, as in the latter case, almost horizontally. The chief point to remember is to rise on the rear foot when delivering the hit. It is essentially a lifting blow.

The "shift" is a very useful blow. Briefly, it is just feinting to hit off one foot, and hitting off the other.

Thus you step in with the right, feinting a right lead, but at once bring the left foot forward, swinging the body with it, and hitting as hard as you can with the left, the whole weight of the body following behind it.

Then there is the tattoo.

Stand up to the ball, fists close together, striking short, sharp blows with either hand alternately, hitting the ball each time it comes back and never missing it—a counsel of perfection. Or you may beat the tattoo standing back, almost straightening the arms for each blow, and returning almost to the shoulders by bending the elbows.

There are other ways of punching the ball—for example, with head, or elbow, or on the ground—and any number of fancy tricks to be learned, but the exercises described either singly or in combination will give you all the fun and exercise you are likely to want.

Dodging the rebound.

Be plucky in your fights with the ball, just as you hope to be plucky when you meet a human antagonist.

For example, when you see the ball coming back hard at you, don't duck blindly. Step sharply to the side, keeping your head well up and your eyes upon the ball just as you would keep them on the face of a man you were boxing with.

If you bear this in mind it will save you from an unexpected knock-out when it comes to the real thing.

T. D. MEADER.

TRIUMPHANT CHEEK.

"The cheekiest thing I ever knew," said the master of a London workhouse to the writer, "was the case of a respectable tradesman belonging to Birmingham. He came to London, got into the hands of sharks and found himself without the necessary money for paying his railway fare home.

"Then he came here, telling us he was destitute. In accordance with the law we sent him to the Birmingham workhouse, at the expense of his parish. As soon as he arrived there he took his discharge. It was a neat, but unscrupulous way out of his troubles."

The story reminds one of that told by an American journalist. A certain New York paper has a Paris edition to which it telegraphs every evening a list of the names of all American passengers bound for Europe. It appears that the requisite care was not used in compiling this list, for a cute New Yorker was able to get half-a-dozen names added to it occasionally on the pretext that they were friends of his whom he had just seen off.

As a matter of fact they were fictitious names, the letters of which were so arranged as to convey a code message to his business partner in Paris. In this way he saved the heavy cable charges.

ABUSING A FREE-WHEEL.

A free-wheel is an obvious blessing, but there are many cyclists who make it the reverse.

Some men, and nearly all women, plug away hard for half-a-dozen strokes or so and then let themselves coast along. The men do it because they imagine that they are saving energy; the women do it because they think their skirts hang gracefully and because they think they look nice when spinning along on a bicycle without moving their feet.

Does the cyclist save himself labour by pedalling hard for a bit and then coasting along for fifty yards? He does not.

If you have ever dabbled in science, you will know that most things are possessed of a quality which is called inertia, and all the problems of locomotion centre about the overcoming of this. You will notice that even an express train travels very slowly for the first hundred yards. The engine has gradually to overcome the inertia of the train, and it requires all its strength to do it.

Carry the illustration from the railway track to the road. When you mount your bicycle you have to pedal much harder for the first few strokes than you have to do afterwards; that is because you have to overcome the inertia of the bicycle. When you pedal hard and then free-wheel till the machine is almost at a standstill, you have to overcome this inertia time and again, and you really have to do more work than if you pedal steadily along.

I am speaking of cycling on the level, for, if you are going down a hill, you may free-wheel to your heart's content, for the force of gravity is doing the job for you; but if you free-wheel on the level you are only losing the impetus which you have already gained and which it will give you a good deal of labour to secure again.

OLD CLOTHES.

Memories, images, and precious thoughts,
That cannot die, and cannot be destroyed.
—WORDSWORTH.

I have in my wardrobe a number of old friends with whose company nothing would induce me to part.

They are turned out periodically by other hands than mine to be shaken, and to have nauseous kinds of camphor and other moth-scarers secreted in the pockets of them, and sometimes when I open the door of my wardrobe a whiff of this extremely antiseptic but most unpleasant odour meets my nose instead of the perfume of the aromatic cedarwood which ought to be there.

They are dear old friends these, and even the mandates of charity fail to make me part with them.

I care not how the fashions in men's clothes may change. One can have no affection for a brand new suit; it is the oldest clothes that are dearest.

I seldom use them, but I endeavour to persuade myself that some day I may do so, and that therefore I should be unwise if I gave them away.

They are the old clothes that I have worn on many a happy expedition.

There is one old flannel suit. It is shiny at the knees and shrunken here and there, for more than once I have been caught with it in the rain, but in it I have spent many a pleasant night on the river, rowing gently upstream with somebody facing me and holding the rudder strings, with a Chinese lantern fixed on a trembling willow wand at our bow, and the reflections dancing merrily on the eddies that circled from my oars.

The old flannel suit, and I, and Somebody else have drifted down stream again gently. I have already discarded the jacket, and the Somebody else has thrown it over her shoulders, for the night air is becoming chilly. I backwater gently with my oars as we come opposite the bungalows, for the week-enders are there, and a woman's voice is trilling across the waters to the accompaniment of a piano, whose strings do not seem to have been materially damaged by the river damp.

Presently we drift on homewards, for Somebody is feeling the cold and imagines that it will be less if we keep moving. We land, my jacket is returned to me, dearer to me than ever after its absence and for the associations it has gathered about it during that absence; the boat is handed over to its owner, and the old suit and I and Somebody else wander back to the station, thinking of more important matters than old suits.

These old flannels recall sweet days.

My wardrobe has a hanging compartment at one side and shelves on the other, and on one of these shelves repose a pair of breeches. The strappings are worn through and it is not worth while replacing them, for if I had new ones put on they would most assuredly outwear the breeches.

These breeches are done to the world. I do not think that anything will persuade me to put them on again, but all the same I cannot part with them. In them I have tramped over half of England, they have clothed me well during some of the happiest moments of my life. To give them up in their old age would be ungrateful, almost sacrilegious.

On another shelf lie my mortar-board and gown which saw me through my student days. Never shall I wear them again, but never shall I part with them. Sometimes in an idle moment I put them on and stand in front of the looking-glass, only to take them off again quickly, for my face is old and careworn compared with what it was when these garments were part of my daily outfit.

Then life seemed very good; the world was young and at my feet; all things were easy. Now life is a hard reality, but the old gown and mortar-board recall a vision golden. M. BRUCE.

CLUMSINESS.

There was no denying the fact that Farmer Giles was enraged. His neighbour's son George had borrowed th' owd bay mare to take out to a mounted drill of the squadron of Yeomanry to which he belonged, and, to cut a long story short, the youth was no Kernahan on horseback; in fact, he had let the mare down, grievously breaking her knees.

The old man met George's father in the "Cat and Custard Pot" and sounded him on the matter judiciously.

"A young varmint," said Farmer Giles, "came over to my stable and borrowed th' owd bay mare to ride wi' them there soldiers, and then came back with a grin on his chivy and the nag's knees cut to hell!"

The jocular Farmer Brown interrupted his remarks wi' a roar of laughter.

"Tha's dom funny, Giles," he said. "Dash my temper, that *is* funny!"

And the ruddy-faced old gentleman roared again.

"Well, ye needn't laugh so much over it," said Farmer Giles with elaborate sarcasm. "It was your beautiful boy George!"

"George?" The other man scratched his silvered head.

"Well, I'm dom-med!" he said at length. "There's a clumsy brute for ye. Why, only last week he broke a spade!"

A BUNGAY INCIDENT.

The pavement plunger and staunch follower of one of the unluckiest stables in England had managed somehow to dodge the man at the Reserved Enclosure gate at the far-famed Bungay Steeplechases—a meeting to which no sensible man takes anything but "dud" jewellery.

But he had come with no idea of breaking the Ring; in fact, his visit was mainly commercial. He hoped to pick up a watch or a diamond pin or two—just to enable him to start in business as a wholesale jeweller.

A keen-eyed man would have noticed that although his boots were highly polished, they leaked, and a Sherlock Holmes, would have divined that his "dicky" covered nothing but a narrow chest, innocent of shirt.

Therefore, when a gilded acquaintance of former years came up and literally told him to put his shirt on Bantam Cock, the remark cut the pavement plunger, and almost wrung a groan from him.

But the gilded youth wielded a solid gold pencil-case between his manicured fingers, and when the shirtless one saw the outer case drop on to the green sward unnoticed by the owner, he scented his first trophy for the melting pot.

The man went off to pick up the long odds about Bantam Cock, and with a deep sigh the broken-down punter picked up the gold case.

Ten minutes later his former friend returned.

"Have you seen the case belonging to this pencil?" he asked.

"No," replied the erstwhile gambler fiercely, "and apropos of your remark about putting my shirt on Bantam Cock"—he pulled out a button from his pocket, to which was attached a frayed strip of linen—"have you seen the shirt belonging to this button?"

HAPPY NIGHTS.

III. MY FIRST JOB.

Sixteen years ago I spent one of the happiest nights of my life, though its hours were filled with hard and incessant work. This was the manner of it.

After a few years of rather casual preparation I had at last succeeded in finding work as a junior reporter on a weekly paper circulating in one of the least attractive of London suburbs; and my chief had sent me to a meeting.

It was not the sort of meeting to rouse any youth's enthusiasm, for it was held in a dingy little tin chapel in a poor neighbourhood; it was attended by queer but well-meaning folk, who grasped one by the hand and said, "Welcome, brother!" or words to that effect; and the subject that had drawn a large number of men, women, and children together was none other than "Christian Endeavour," a matter with which I had but a flimsy knowledge and a flimsier sympathy.

The meeting opened, and with it my notebook. No word from preacher or speaker escaped my ears, and every one word and every cheer or exclamation was swiftly taken down.

How long it lasted I do not know, but when once more I found myself upon the pavement, without sufficient money to pay for a 'bus ride to my lodging four miles distant, I tramped home in a fever of enthusiasm, and though both tired and hungry I at once sat down and wrote laboriously through the remaining hours.

Long before other and more blasé colleagues had arrived, my first report was laid upon the editor's disordered desk. I had received my baptism of work, and, though since then I've learned to give to men and things their true proportions and degrees of value, I have never felt again in all its strength the glamour of my first engagement as a journalist in a little tin chapel in a slum. G. COUSINS.

THINGS SEEN.

IX. THE SOCIALIST.

The tram-car was filling up with men and women hurrying home on Saturday at midday. The seats were nearly all occupied, and the late passengers found not a little difficulty in securing seats. Suddenly some angry words broke out between two men.

"Who're you pushing at?" said one.

"You," replied the other.

"Well, don't do it."

"You ought not to need pushing," said the other, now in his element. "Couldn't you see the young woman hadn't a seat?"

"I'm not so clever as you," answered the aggrieved man.

"Then you ought to watch and move up when there's a young woman standing in the car. You're too selfish by half," said the guardian of public rights.

Then, without further ado, he took out his paper and began to read.

Instantly his championship of the young woman who couldn't find a seat was explained. He was reading a Socialist newspaper, and doubtless held strong Socialistic views, even to the point of enforcing them in tram-cars.

The car sped on. Many people left it at the various stopping places until only the Socialist, the writer of this sketch, and one or two others remained. But later on other passengers began to enter, until once again the car was crowded.

The Socialist sat on, unheeding the crush and caring not a straw for others' comfort.

Some special tit-bit by his favourite writer in his favourite journal had claimed his whole attention; and as he sat, imbibing with evident thirst the Socialistic laws and principles of justice and equal opportunity and room for all, his legs extended half across the car, his body was turned half-diagonally across the seat. Straphangers hung in front of him, others sat upon a three-inch edge of seat. And I wondered if consistency were in the Socialist's catalogue of virtues. G. BULCRAIG.

GRIP FIENDS, BEWARE!

Ten to one you have met the man who delights in banging you on the back, or gripping your hand as in a vice, and nearly wrenching it off.

A very good method to stop both these practices is as follows:

Immediately your hand is gripped, obtain a good hold on your friend's hand (the one he is gripping you with, of course) by pressing your thumb and fingers well into the back of his. Then turn to your left, so as to bring your back to him, and at the same time maintain a grip on his hand and bring it up your back.

This will have the effect of twisting his wrist to such an extent that he will almost go down to the ground under the pain, and you can then extract a guarantee from him that he will never attempt to crush, maim, or dislocate your wrist again. But *I* doubt if he will ever give you the opportunity of shaking hands with him again, without getting a promise from *you* that you will not try it on him the second time.

JOINING.

When the Territorials first came into being, a number of fellows in our town joined, and whenever I saw them I used to hate them. I also said as many unkind things as I could think of concerning them. I spoke of "Saturday afternoon soldiers" and so forth.

By and by a chap for whom I have the utmost admiration, and who has been a great friend of mine for many years, told me that he would join the local Yeomanry. He wanted me to join too.

The idea came as a bit of a shock to me, for I had never so far considered that the Territorial scheme had anything to do with myself, but when my chum joined, I knew there must be something in it.

We had arranged to go for a long walk in the country that evening, but I changed my mind and went home to my digs to think the whole matter out. I can be candid with myself, if not always with other people, and I saw that my dislike of the Terriers was due to pure envy. All the time I had been saying nasty things about them I was really jealous of them, because I looked upon them as better men than myself. It is not nice to feel that you have been a bit of a swine, but that is how I felt after I had weighed up the matter, but the sequel was all right. That night I went to my friend's digs, knocked him up, and told him that I was going to join, and on the following evening we went together to the Drill Hall and we were duly attested.

I wonder now why I ever hesitated, and I would like any chap who despises the Territorials or who hesitates to become one, to just think the matter out with himself as I did.

THE SPORTSMAN'S RECKLESSNESS.

It is a remarkable fact that the athlete and the man who goes in for sport in any form gets smashed up or damaged in a greater or less degree far more often than the man who leads a less strenuous existence.

This is, of course, hardly to be wondered at, in so far as the athlete must necessarily run risks in his pursuit of sport, and a man cannot have much to do with horses, or firearms, or play cricket, racquets, football or in fact almost any game, without the possibility of getting knocked about.

But the curious point is, that it is not only when actually engaged in games or sports that the athlete gets into trouble.

The hundred and one little accidents of everyday life—burns, scalds, sprained ankles, cuts and so on—seem to come to him in far greater numbers than to others.

Perhaps the explanation is that the athlete tends to become reckless and not to take proper caution in trivial matters, since he is so used to taking greater risks in the field and elsewhere.

But whatever the cause, the curious fact remains. Haven't you found it so?

DISCIPLINED POLITENESS.

As one who travels frequently by train, I have more than the usual opportunities for observing the manners of men, and I have been much struck by the courtesy which appears to go hand in hand with discipline.

Any man will open the door of a railway carriage for a lady, but comparatively few will do so for another man. I do not know that it is at all necessary for the person sitting next the handle of the door to push the catch back and kick it open, when he sees someone coming towards it from the other end of the carriage, but all the same the doing of this little action is polite.

I have noticed how soldiers, whether regular or auxiliary, always extend this little mark of courtesy to the civilian, and I am at a loss to know the reason for it. The Army is not a school of etiquette, but presumably it breeds an innate good feeling, which shows itself in these small points. Whatever may be the reason, the result is very satisfactory and pleasing.

THE PRICE OF HONESTY.

For a little over a pound a week you can engage the services of an ex-soldier commissionaire whose honesty is beyond question. You can send him to the bank for the money to pay your employees, and there will be not the slightest danger of his decamping.

You pay him nothing extra to be honest.

To take a national illustration, some of the men who have access to our naval signal books are paid as little as eighteen shillings a week; they could sell their information to any rival power and retire for life on the proceeds, but it is not once in twenty years that any of them attempt to do so.

Such is the low price of honesty in the humbler walks of life. When we consider those positions, however, where the man holding them has to be the possessor of some education, we find that he has to be paid for being honest as well as for working. Our judges draw enormous salaries, because it is recognised that they must be placed beyond temptation—in other words that they must be bribed to keep honest.

In business we find buyers and managers paid out of all proportion to the work they do, because they also must be paid to be honest. They are in fact paid twice over, once for their work, once for their honesty.

A consideration of these facts leads to the conclusion that honesty is not a matter of education, but that education is actually opposed to it.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

Sometimes an idea strikes you. What do you do with it? Generally, it is to be feared, you let it go again. An idea let loose in that way is no good to anybody. Jot it down, and send it to us. If it is something fresh we shall let it loose on this page.

Let us have something with plenty of masculine interest in it.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. W. H. Moldon, 35, Thornton Avenue, Chiswick, London, W., for "Grip Fiends, Beware!"

A CURE FOR DRINKING.

It may seem to be a terrible confession, but at one time I found myself drinking more than was good for my health. I went to a doctor about it instead of bothering with quacks, and what he told me may be useful to other readers, as it worked perfectly in my own case.

He pointed out that very often a man drinks simply because he is hungry, and his stomach cries out for something to fill it. He told me never to let myself get too hungry, and have a good breakfast and to be careful not to have too long a period between meals, but also advised me to drink plenty of water between meals, because he said men very frequently drank alcoholic liquors, when all they wanted was a glass of water.

I have followed his advice and broken myself of what threatened to be a detrimental habit. There is another tip which I might give from my own experience. If you feel you want to drink, try a cup of beef tea instead of intoxicating drink. Most public houses sell one or other of the much advertised beef extracts, and I have found them to be really good.

LOOKING AFTER YOURSELF.

We all know the man who lacks self-reliance; it is often largely a matter of money, and the capacity to do things for oneself decreases in proportion to the ability to get others to do them for you.

But you will find the fellow who cannot look after himself in every walk of life. "Feckless," he would be called across the Border.

He may be of the sort that does not know what it is to worry, and muddles through somehow, or he may have been badly brought up and had things done for him, until one day he is faced with the necessity of looking after himself.

Then there is usually a fuss and worry which causes his more self-reliant pals the keenest amusement.

The trouble begins when a man of this kidney begins to think of getting married.

No girl wants to tie herself for life to a man who wants "running." It is a husband's job to look after himself and his wife too—and perhaps a family into the bargain. Therefore the feckless man gets badly left, simply because he himself, or more probably his parents in the first instance, have not taken the trouble to cultivate in him the all-important quality of self-reliance.

Make your youngster do things for himself, find his way about and fight his own battles. He will be grateful to you at the time—if he thinks about the matter at all—for no boy likes to be fussed over, and he will bless you for it when he grows up to be a man.

BUTTONHOLES AND PATRIOTISM.

I was much struck to notice on St. George's Day in London how few people were wearing the emblem of the English patron-saint, the rose.

Three stalwart young Englishmen passed me arm in arm, each with a red rose in his buttonhole, but very few others did I see.

It is true that April 23rd is not an ideal period of the year for obtaining roses, but yet this year numbers of roses—perhaps not British-grown—were on sale in the London streets.

On St. Patrick's Day, the shamrock appears everywhere, in the lapels of many whose claim to Irish nationality is but slight.

On Primrose Day—thanks perhaps to the fact that the anniversary of Disraeli's death falls conveniently at the time when his favourite flower is in full bloom—the number of people who disport the primrose is enormous.

The thistle and the leek scarcely lend themselves to buttonhole wear, but I have even seen enthusiasts adorned with these on St. David's and St. Andrew's Day.

Patriotism is essentially a thing of sentiment, and we cannot afford to let slip any such opportunity, however slight, of keeping it alive by means of outward and visible signs.

I wonder how many people will wear the daisy on May 24th—Empire Day?

NIXIE—A ROGUE

REEZY SHORT STORY.

OHN HILARY GARRATT.

usual outsider had
ed home with the "Sell-
late of 50 sovs.," and a
interested crowd
red round the sale
and shut out from
ears the aggravating
of the opulent book-
rs:

ay—pay! I'm payin' in
his 'ere Derby winner."
bidding was no brisker
it should be, when the
r is one of the only two
"out" in a big field.
body bid seventy
as for the horse, and
wner evincing no desire
y him in, they led him
at that figure.
auctioneer referred to a
ard.

To be sold without re-
" he read, "'Nixie, a chestnut filly, three
old, by Satanic out of Pixie,'—beautifully
gentlemen—was favourite and finished
in this race, beaten by a length. What
say?"

ixie was the only other tryer," a stable lad
ked in parenthesis to one of the onlookers,
ting young man, wearing a waistcoat that
out with a loud voice.
filly, a shapely chestnut, expressed her
distaste of the sale ring by lashing out all
as she was led in.
hundred guineas?" the auctioneer sug-
inquiringly. The knowing ones laughed.
ve you ten for the jade," said a well-known
of racing failures. No one seemed par-
rly inclined to advance any more.
ld Dunblane's lost pots of money over her,"
table lad explained to the youth; "she's a
un until it comes to *racing*. Then she
her toes into the ground and it's all over.
en you an' me, sir, jumping's more in her
though she is only a three-year-old."
an she stay?" asked the young man of the
ent waistcoat.
or ever—hurdlin' is more her form. I used
ercise her, so it's a bit of odds on me
' her weighed up properly. But there—
's a mere bally owner know about 'is
?"

is was certainly logic.
id you twenty," said the young man sud-
sticking his thumb in the arm slip of his
coat as one accustomed to buying blood
at "Tatts."
wenty-five," said the crock speculator.
hirty," the youth nodded grandly, half-
ering if his deceased psalm-singing uncle
d have approved of his money being con-
d gradually into racehorses.
e auctioneer tapped an ivory hammer.
o Mr. ——?"
lement Carter," he said, going up to make
ecessary deposit. "The filly had better be
to my place in Meadshire—Wilton Hall."
o you're a neighbour of Sir Henry Dun-
's."
idn't know it—only just taken the Hall,"
the youth laconically.
hootin's good, but it's a dull hole. Slow
I should say."
e auctioneer smiled.
You've evidently not met Ada Dunblane, sir.
, I s'pose you've not bought Nixie to race?
ourse, she could go a bit if she liked, but
s got the temper of old Satanic, her sire,
his favourite appetiser before a feed was a
out of a stable boy's arm. The filly doesn't
a crowd."
Then I shall hunt her," said Mr. Carter,
smacking his leggings with a cane in the approved manner.

"Try a pleasanter way of committing suicide," the auctioneer observed cheerfully, snapping the clasp of his book.

II.

Mr. Clement Carter found that Nixie was more than capable of living up to her reputation, but, as one who prided himself upon a complete mastery over horseflesh, he did not give up attempting to stick on her back, until he had been bucked off and considerably bruised. Then he had to submit to the blandishments of embrocation and good sense.

But for all her temper one could not help admiring the classic-looking filly. She stamped about in her box restlessly and, as the groom remarked, she seemed to be "a-frettin' for someone."

Several days elapsed before the explanation burst upon Mr. Carter unawares.

His solitary evening meal had been cleared away, and selecting a favourite briar he had put his shoeless feet upon the mantelpiece, regardless of the fact that both toes peeping through his socks branded him irrevocably as a bachelor.

Suddenly he heard the sound of hoofs trotting smartly up the gravelled approach to the house. Then a voice unmistakably feminine said "Whoa!" as the horse was reined up.

Clement listened attentively. It seemed that the rider had dismounted. Outside the groom's bell clanged.

Mr. Carter took his feet off the mantel and instinctively straightened his tie. His man, it seemed, had now taken charge of the horse.

"Bring him up in ten minutes, please. I think I shall have done with Mr. Carter in that time." The tone was determined.

Mr. Carter thereupon felt the sensation described by the best authors as "his hair standing on end."

The door bell rang. Mr. Carter racked his brain in vain. He knew no ladies in the vicinity, nor could he imagine anyone on horseback having the remotest connection with the household, which consisted only of a couple of servants and a grey-haired housekeeper.

Some discussion ensued on the doorstep between the maid and the visitor.

Some silver clinked and the servant pushed open the door.

"Miss Dunblane!" she announced, and a smart girl attired in a riding habit entered, calmly placing her hunting crop on the table, and unbuttoning her gloves.

Mr. Carter hastily stuck his bared toes beneath the kindly shelter of the hearthrug. He had mentally decided to ring for the housekeeper to meet the demands of Mrs. Grundy, but the lady, tongue-tied for a very brief second, smiled. Mr. Carter took his hand off the bell-pull.

"I'm Ada Dunblane," said the visitor, taking a seat, "and—of course, it seems awful of me, Mr. Carter, but I've called to ask you a favour. I want to buy Nixie back!"

"My dear Miss Dunblane," said Clement warmly, "Nixie's a rogue of the worst description, and—well, justifies her sire, Satanic, and her name.

"Thank you. She was called after me—Nixie is *my* nickname, Mr. Carter. I've always regarded her as virtually mine."

"Really? Then I can hardly understand why Sir Henry sold her."

"Father's abroad, and it's the trainer who let her go—just because he can't win any of his wretched bets over her, I suppose."

Clement was not the man to be drawn by a pair of laughing eyes and an obviously put-on sad expression.

"I'm going to hunt her next season," he said, nothing being further from his intentions; "she's a bit spirited, of course, but I think I can get over that."

"Then I can't buy her back, Mr. Carter?"

"'Fraid not, Miss Dunblane," Clement replied in a voice that suggested closing the discussion. "Won't you have something before you go?"

"A glass of sherry," said the lady; "but I think you're mean, Mr. Carter. Nixie and I were almost chums when she was a two-year-old. My father bred her, and I don't think she cares for anyone riding her but me. She never ought to have been put into training."

Mr. Carter still seemed adamant.

"When I ask for anything," she added winningly, "I usually get it."

"If I say I won't do a thing, Miss Dunblane," said Clement firmly, "I don't do it!"

He crossed the room to get the sherry. Then Nixie burst out laughing.

Mr. Carter turned round in mortal fear of hysterics, about which he had read just enough in novels to dread greatly. But it was obvious that her eyes were fixed on his bare toes.

"What else do you expect of bachelor's socks?" asked Clement in an injured tone.

"Bachelor!" exclaimed Nixie. "Oh, how *could* I come here! What *will* people say? I thought you were certainly married!"

Before Clement had time to reply she had rushed outside and clanged the groom's bell.

"Do have some sherry," said Clement as he assisted her into the saddle.

"I think you're horrid," Miss Dunblane replied, "and you'll catch your death of cold in those socks, Mr. Carter."

Ere the sound of the horse's hoofs had died away in the distance, Mr. Carter was seated at his desk, scribbling an order for a dozen new (and strong) pairs of socks!

III.

For the reason that it was the least draughty room, Clement had elected to take up his quarters at the back of the house. When he awoke he always had the prospect of the stables and the white road winding snake-like through the undulating country beyond towards Sir Henry Dunblane's place, half-hidden in a clump of trees.

He fell asleep that night in a chaotic state of mind, and was dreaming of both the Nixies when a peculiar noise awakened him. The moon was streaming through the white blinds, stirring in the warm September breeze, blowing softly through the open window.

An awful groan, which could only be attributed to the crazy stable door, not yet put in repair, sounded from the outside—then a long whinny evidently from the equine Nixie.

Mr. Carter, attired in pyjamas, got out of bed and cautiously let up the blind.

The moon bathed the stables in a brilliant light. The big doors were open.

"Burglars! Horse thieves!" Clement, with the confidence born of well developed muscles, dressed hurriedly and prepared to investigate.

He softly let himself out of a side door, and stole along cautiously in carpet slippers. He crept up by the stable wall in a style that Mr. Sherlock Holmes would have approved. The business-like hunting crop he carried was capable of dealing effectively with the miscreants.

Nixie's box was at the end of several untenanted stalls. Clement entered unchallenged. No Red Indian could have been quieter.

He peered through the bars of the box in a crouching position. The desperate criminal was wasting a deal of valuable time patting Nixie's neck.

Clement sprang on the much-cloaked intruder, grasping the thief firmly round the waist,

which seemed to be much smaller than the storm cloak suggested.

The moon shot its beams through a fanlight upon the upturned horror-stricken face of a girl.

"Nixie!" exclaimed Mr. Carter, the name slipping out. "What *are* you doing here?"

He had not loosened his grasp, and the girl, possibly rendered temporarily limp by the shock, did not disengage herself.

"Oh," she said at length, "I did so want to see Nixie, Mr. Carter, and I really believe I should have stolen her if you hadn't come. Isn't she a little ripper?"

The filly had become unnaturally good tempered and was attempting to bury its nose in the extremely small space between the fair-haired Miss Dunblane and Mr. Carter.

"If I'd known, I'd have given you the filly, Nixie," said Clement. "I'll make amends by sending her along to your place to-morrow."

It was some minutes later that the lady made the following mysterious remark.

"No, Clement, we must really find someone to introduce us first!"

Those versed in such things must read the riddle thereof.

WRITERS WRONG.

Mr. Kipling doesn't know *all* about the Army any more than Mr. Haldane. If he did, he wouldn't speak of British-born recruits being put to squad drill in India, for none but trained men are drafted there, and only native soldiers are put to the ignominious ordeal of squad drill.

In another place he speaks of a corporal having a sash, forgetting that no man under the rank of sergeant may wear that decoration.

He errs in good company, however, for Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" makes the sun set in the east, while Dickens makes Mr. Squeers hoe his turnips in winter, an innovation that would scarcely appeal to our farming readers.

Perhaps you have noticed that in "Robinson Crusoe" Defoe makes his hero fill his pockets with biscuits after swimming out to the wreck. Apparently he forgot that the gentleman was naked at the time.

THE TROUBLESOME PUMP.

In the old days when we fixed our bicycle pump by means of a couple of circular clips, there was of course a good deal of trouble in getting it detached quickly, but it had this outstanding virtue, it never got loose. Now with the newer type of clip, where one end of the pump fits on to a sharp point and a spring socket goes down into the other, the pump may be detached in a moment, but it is much more liable to be jolted off in the course of a run, particularly if that run be taken over rough roads.

The spring socket at the top is apt to lose its tension, and, though the clips may answer admirably for a time, the day will come when the pump, once securely fixed, will shake itself loose.

There is nothing more provoking than to discover yourself with a soft tyre and minus a pump, and the cyclist will be well-advised if he takes the precaution of seeing to the fixing of the pump clips from time to time.

They may be very simply adjusted. All you want is a screw-driver. If you find that the spring has become slack, simply lower the top clip an eighth or a quarter of an inch; in fact, put it just as low as will permit of the pump being freely inserted in its grip.

Particularly is this necessary in the case of those men who use more than one bicycle pump. The enthusiastic cyclist acquires from time to time several spanners, lamps, pumps and other things, and one day he may fix on to his clips a different pump from the one he is in the habit of using. Then he discovers to his chagrin that the pump has shaken loose. A little foresight and a screw-driver would have prevented all the trouble.

Best of all are those handle-bars into which the pump screws.

AN IMPRESSION.

When I hear people grumbling at the time they have to spend in travelling upon the railway, I wonder how it is that all the fascination of a journey leaves them unmoved; for I count among the greatest pleasures of existence the sensations inseparable from railway travel.

As I enter the great terminus and find myself a part of the travelling world, a thrill of pride and satisfaction takes possession of me.

I never part with money more willingly than when I throw it in at the little booking-office window and receive my passport to enjoyment.

I take my pick of seats, and watch the serious eagerness of all around me preparing for the great run. And then the race begins. A whistle, a waving flag, a signal dropped in acquiescence, and we wind smoothly out across innumerable points, gaining speed at every yard.

We swing along past goods yards heaped with merchandise; we rattle under echoing bridges; dash through tiny tunnels; overtake the local "slow"; and pass with conscious importance through innumerable wayside stations.

Now we tear along a mile in every minute, the telegraph poles keeping up their monotonous procession towards the rear, and clouds of steam come blowing down on either side, and sweep across the fields and vanish.

I watch the spreading country. Roads meet and part, and mount the distant hills; stray cottages flit by, giving me a glimpse of quiet, homely lives that have their interests and joys not less intense than mine; the team upon the distant ridge of ploughland moves with infinite deliberation.

And then the dusk begins to gather. Villages lie silent in the sunset glow; the far horizon hides itself behind the thickening mists; pale lights begin to flicker from the cottage windows; and as we run, with warning shriek through some contented country town the station lights are flickering into brilliance.

Heedless of darkness, we plunge ahead, humming along as mile upon mile is left behind. A lurid veil is drawn across our path; the engine fire sends up a shaft of light upon the steam that glows and shoots away behind us; green lights ahead beckon us on and give us confidence; and men with sleeves rolled high, in little cabins by the way, lock and release the levers that ensure our safety.

My travelling companion is collecting his belongings; folding up his rug; replacing dull papers and magazines in his bag. Before he is quite ready a deep grinding, boring sound comes up from the region of the wheels; the brake is hard on and we are slowing down.

Lights begin to twinkle all around, we are entering a town, and as we come easily to a standstill alongside the platform the porters are singing out the station's name in broad provincial dialect.

It is the first human voice we have heard since leaving London, and the change is welcome. For ten minutes porters and refreshment caterers are busy; the engine driver, armed with flaming wick and oil can, dives into the works of his great charge; passengers get out and stamp and stretch themselves and take a sharp walk up and down, and soon we are off again upon another joyful run. WM. GRAZIER.

COMMONSENSE.

THE RAREST OF HUMAN COMMODITIES.

One would say that it would be impossible for any grown person outside an asylum for idiots to be taken in by the confidence trick. Nevertheless that ancient swindle continues to claim many victims. One might say, however, that the victim of the confidence trick is not so much lacking in commonsense, as in any sense at all.

No doubt the majority of successful business men have strong commonsense, but a man may have a genius for business affairs, and yet be altogether lacking in commonsense in the ordinary matters of life. On the other hand, a man may have excellent commonsense, and yet be in no way suited to a business career.

Commonsense, we may say, concerns itself with natural things, life and living, human nature and human folly.

What are the characteristics of the man who rejoices in commonsense?

In the first place, he is a temperate man, because his commonsense tells him that excess of any kind has always to be dearly paid for.

It is not with him merely a matter of temperance in eating and drinking, but of moderation in everything. Your commonsense man no doubt works hard, because he knows that no thing worth having is to be gained without striving, but he never overworks himself, as your brilliantly clever man may do.

The man who has commonsense is usually popular. Here again his moderation comes in. He realises that extreme views, while they may gain you a few fanatical friends, will certainly make you many enemies, or at all events will bring down upon you the dislike and suspicion of moderate-minded people.

But the commonsense man is also popular because he tries to please. His commonsense tells him that there is rarely if ever anything to be gained by running counter to people's prejudices, treading on their corns, or in any way making yourself displeasing to them.

Tact is really the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of commonsense.

The commonsense man is usually successful. I do not mean that he always makes a great fortune. No, his commonsense tells him that great riches do not necessarily spell happiness, on the contrary that the effort and toil of amassing much gold are often out of all proportion to the reward. He is more usually moderately successful according to his station in life, with which he is content.

This brings us to the last point, namely, that the commonsense man is generally a happy man because he conducts his life on principles that make for lasting happiness.

Don't, by the way, confuse him with the man who is hidebound by principles to which he sacrifices all happiness and enjoyment.

No, the commonsense man does not act on principle; he merely follows those methods which the accumulated experience of mankind has found to be the best for happiness. He lives within his income, because he knows that to live beyond it means trouble and worry sooner or later. When he marries he looks more to the lady's qualities of heart and mind than to mere beauty. His commonsense tells him that the latter will fade, while the former will endure as the bed-rock of his domestic bliss.

The commonsense man is seldom taken in. He does not want something for nothing, because he knows it is not to be got. He is not tempted by brilliant offers to make his fortune for him, because he knows that if the scheme were any real good the promoters would keep them to themselves.

All this sounds very obvious, yet how few of us have commonsense. If proof be wanted look at the millions lost in wild-cat speculations, the rottenness of which must have been apparent to anyone with commonsense.

Commonsense is still one of the rarest of human commodities. OLIVER STOKES.

TYPES THAT A MAN DETESTS.

Towzled of hair, slatternly of dress, hysterical by nature and habit, the slack, foolish mouth screaming "Votes for Women," she is carried kicking and struggling from the hall.

I do not say that all Suffragettes are like that, but the pity is that some are, and these damage a cause for which there is unquestionably much to be said, and degrade also their whole sex.

Blowzy, slouching and ungainly of walk, even like the shrieking Suffragette, a sloven in dress, with a red face, and red, often none too scrupulously clean hands, a loud voice with which she lays down the law, and rudely interrupts any other speaker, lamentably deficient in modesty, refinement, manner, charm, all that makes the lady, incapable of intelligent discussion, "slangy," "bad form" in every action—don't you know her?—the over-athletic girl.

She may not be typical of modern athletic girls, but she certainly is of a large section of them. She is not only unlovely, but a fool, for she seems to take a curious pleasure in making herself as unattractive as possible, whereas the first duty of woman is to be attractive.

FAIR BUT HARD.

She is handsome in a brilliant, metallic sort of way. Although nearing middle age she finds a few streaks of grey amongst her raven hair, and her complexion is clear and bright. She is always perfectly dressed, perfect in manner, perfect in her daily life.

She is perfect. She never makes a mistake, never forgives one. She is a hard woman.

Her husband takes his troubles elsewhere; her children never creep to her for sympathy.

She prides herself on her freedom from sentimentality; she does not know that what she lacks is sentiment.

When you enter her house it is like stepping into a refrigerator. There is an indescribable chill in the air; everybody and everything in the house seems frozen.

You can quite imagine her as a feminine Omar. She holds among other theories that the unfit should be put in a lethal chamber, and insists on the folly of spending huge sums of money in keeping consumptives and others mentally afflicted alive. I do not say that there is much in her views, but in a woman they are as revolting.

UNFORGIVING.

For failure in any shape or form she has not a particle of sympathy. She never forgets; she never forgives; I wonder will she be forgiven when she comes to the Judgment Seat?

Closely allied to the hard woman, is the woman with the frown.

She is generally a business woman, and has all the failings of the hard man of business in excess.

Women, at least to their own sex, are infinitely harder taskmasters than men to men, or men to women. The woman with the frown is a slave-driver, a tyrant. The frown is the outward and visible sign of her inward lack of kindness. She has stepped from the pedestal on to the mire of business, and she is to be feared, for she recks nothing of pity, compassion or sportsmanship.

Now, your eyes open, and I shall be very much surprised if in train, street, or 'bus you do not spot the business woman with a frown.

Sometimes, however, the frown merely indicates a peevish or nagging nature. A nagging woman is a she-devil incarnate.

When one reads in divorce or police court reports of a husband striking his wife, one wonders that any man worthy of the name could be guilty of such conduct. Yet if a man thrash a nagging woman he does well—it is the only treatment for her, the only form of rebuke that she will understand. What are her characteristics? The chief perhaps is an unexampled gift of rubbing it in, of kicking you when you are down.

WHY WE HAVE DIVORCE CASES.

Take too much wine, make a fool of yourself in any way, and you will never hear the end of it.

She keeps on at the same topic of reproach with a maddening persistency, and takes a malicious delight in reminding you of things you would rather forget.

She is often a managing woman; indeed, the nagger is usually convinced of her ability to rule everybody's lives, conduct, morals and business, though frequently she is quite incapable of ruling herself.

There is also the obtrusive woman, a modern development. Not content with hotel lounges and other sort of half-way meeting grounds for the sexes, she pursues man into smoking-room, billiard-room and saloon bar.

She is not exactly unlovely, but she is a nuisance. It is possible to have too much of a good thing, and the obtrusive woman falls into the error of making herself too cheap.

A distinctly unlovely woman, however, is the female bounder. Her male counterpart is the youth who wears rolled gold watch-chains and other jewellery, and carries an imitation malacca cane.

The feminine bounder loads herself with spurious gems, wears tawdrily flashy clothes, and apes the fashions of the rich.

THE UNFEMININE TYPE.

She is a bounder, too, in manner; she makes loud remarks about other people or whispers about them; she jostles, pushes and elbows her way to the front at theatre, train or 'bus; she talks loudly about her own affairs and those of her friends; she is often a spiteful person who uses a cloak of candour to cover rude and unpleasant sayings.

Although a bounder she is sometimes well-born and is the outcome of the modern system of feminine education, which puts a premium on academic attainments, while leaving manners and morals to take care of themselves.

The male bounder is bad enough, but, just as the female dipsomaniac is ten times worse than the male drunkard, so, to my mind at least, is the bounder in petticoats infinitely worse than her counterpart in trousers.

I have left to the last the most unlovely woman of all; the woman who scoffs at marriage, or if married refuses to have children, because they will interfere with her pleasures, or because she can't be bothered with them.

Is there anything more repellent in life than a woman who speaks lightly of marriage or unfeelingly of children? If so, thank God, I have never met it.

The most beautiful sight on earth is a mother with her baby. The foulest blot on modern life is the married strumpet who prefers society to the nursery.

David Cooper.

ATHLETES AS HEROES.

THE PRICE OF SPORTING SUCCESS.

Why does a man go in for athletics? Maybe to work off his superfluous energy, which demands some sort of strenuous bodily exercise; but that is only a physical reason, and he might achieve the same end in a hundred different ways without ever playing a game or competing with others in the form of sport he chooses.

No, there is a deeper reason than that; one of which the athlete himself is barely conscious, or if he is, he tries to persuade himself that it is not true.

He wants to excel in some sport, in order that he may appear a hero.

There is no reason why he should seek to disguise the fact. It is just a curious trait of human nature. The hero of the vast majority of people—at least in Great Britain—is not the great thinker or the successful business man, but the successful athlete.

It was so in Ancient Greece, even at the time when her intellectual activity was highest. The winner of the Marathon race was then, as now, a popular hero, and statues of the winners erected in a temple—for athletics and religion were more closely connected then than now—took the place of cinematographs and photographs in illustrated papers.

The man who can run, row, swim or play some game well enough to win a place in some representative team, or defeat his rivals, gains the admiration both of those whom he represents or defeats, and in many cases, of the world at large.

And often he works hard for it. I remember when I was at the 'Varsity, what tortures we used to undergo in order that we might row for the College in Torpids or in Eights.

Sore and aching in every muscle, lashed by the tongue of a tyrannical coach, who was far worse at riding the horse he tried to steer along the towpath than we were at rowing, we would pull wearily home with the darkness already on us, after a "long journey" on a winter's evening.

Or again the river would be frozen over and we would steer a tortuous course down the narrow channel where the ice had been broken, our oars now and then hitting an iceberg instead of entering the water, and sending us flying backwards.

On we pulled, our very hair covered with ice—for the men in front always seemed to splash worse than ever on these days—and our shorts frozen stiff upon our legs.

Sometimes we wondered if the game was worth it.

But it was, and I know it now that I look on photos of the crews of which I was an often grousing member, and think of the brighter side of it—the glorious summer days when to be afloat, with little more than a shaving between you and the river, was bliss, the friendships made, the delicious moments of success, and of utter and absolute fatigue—for there is a joy even in being "done to the world."

And then came Eights Week, when the eights-man came into his own. When sisters, cousins and aunts, all in their best frocks, and most of them goodly to look upon, flocked in from all over the country.

The rowing man then was a little tin god—at any rate during those hours of the day which were taken up with the racing—for the Oxford "Eights" and Cambridge "Mays" (so-called because they are rowed in June) are prolonged affairs, the former lasting six days, and the latter four.

So when the sports, the final footer tie, the boxing match, or whatever it may be, comes round, the athlete becomes a hero. But he has worked hard for it. Hours of quiet practice and a fund of patience and dogged determination have often been demanded before he could climb on to his pedestal. Why, therefore, should we grudge him the exaltation when he has attained it?

Alan Hamer.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER.

XI. THE STAGE-DOOR.

First of all, a word about the guardian of the Stage-Door. He is generally a morose, pessimistic person, of unpleasing appearance and manners.

Perhaps I am prejudiced against him. As the "special commissioner" of the "Fireside Flatterer" I was once sent to interview a certain famous actor. I put on my evening togs, and in them and an opera hat I "kidded" myself that in the dark I might be taken for a gentleman.

There were a good many people foregathered about the stage-door when I arrived, and I rather hoped they would take me for a bold, bad man-about-town with "designs" on the leading lady.

I handed in my card, and the stage-door-keeper gazed at it scornfully. "Ho, yus," he remarked, in tones all too painfully audible, "you're the reporter from the 'Fireside Flatterer.' Mr. Boom-boom Holler cawn't see yer to-night, 'e's busy."

However, allowances must be made for the stage-doorkeeper. He leads a draughty, telephone-bell-agitated existence, and he sees a side of life that would have made a cynic of Mark Tapley.

He sees flushed, eager, ambitious youth pass through the stage-door, and he sees it emerge spent, broken, disillusioned.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

He is behind the scenes of the lives of actors and actresses who are the idols of the public, and his privileges as spectator do not tend to make an optimist of him.

He sees much that is ugly and sordid, and for him the glamour of the stage does not exist. And he sees the men who frequent the stage-door.

Who are they, these loiterers on the threshold of Thespis? Some may be briefly dismissed as down-at-heel loafers hanging around on the chance of being sent to fetch a pot of beer, or on some other small errand.

Then there is the skirt-struck, lovesick youth of high degree, tall of collar, short of forehead, smiling vacuously behind the huge bouquet he carries, propitiating the stage-doorkeeper with half-crowns to convey amorous notes to the charmer within. The stage-doorkeeper pockets the half-crowns and grins sardonically as he reflects that the object of the youth's infatuation is the mother of five, and was not exactly a débutante twenty years ago.

HUMBLE ADMIRERS.

There are lovesick youths of lesser degree, clerks, young shopmen, cigarette-chewing boys, who will now have to dodge the policeman's eye, they hang around before or after the "show" to catch a glimpse of some fair idol, perchance to be made deliriously happy by a semi-regal smile, as the divinity hurries from or into her electric brougham.

Talking of humble adorers reminds me of a story told me by a certain charming actress.

One night she received a more or less illiterate letter enclosing some alleged verses. Very humbly, very respectfully the writer explained that he greatly admired the lady. Of course, he knew that she was miles and miles above him, but he took the liberty of sending her the enclosed verses, which he had written all by himself. He hoped that she would not be offended, and so that he should know she had received his letter and was not displeased with him, would she, as she came out of the stage-door that evening, call out "Good-night?" "You will know me, miss," he concluded, "as I shall be on the curbstone cracking nuts."

That well-dressed man of thirty or so over there, what do you make of him? Looks like a soldier, doesn't he? Yet there is a slack, loose-lipped air about him, that is not soldierly. He evidently drinks a bit, and his back is not the back of a free man.

His history is quite simple. He is the husband of the celebrated Miss Pauncefote (lest there be any lady of this name on the stage, I hasten to add that the title, so far as I am concerned, is purely fictitious).

He threw away his Service career to marry her, and for a time they were happy. But it is seldom that a woman who has once known the fevered life of the stage can settle down to humdrum domesticity. Besides, what were his few pounds a year compared with the thousands she could earn? And so she returned to the stage, and now the man who once held himself a man, and feared to look none in the eyes, lives on a woman's more than half contemptuous charity.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS.

Interviewers and out-of-work actors, come to get a drink and peradventure borrow a trifle off some more fortunate brother within, actors and actresses with minor parts, finished for the evening, burly, expletive-splitting stage-hands, "dressers," both masculine and feminine, messenger boys, smart firemen, "dudes" in evening dress, loafers in corduroy, stage-struck boys and girls peering curiously through the swinging portal, duns, washerwomen, little milliners with belated bandboxes, "gentlemen of the orchestra," sour-visaged ladies' maids, fur-coated managers, ostentatiously, too ostentatiously careless "watchers" from private detective agencies, youthful roués going or trying to go the pace, these are some of the constituents of the human flood that rolls through or round about the stage-door.

One man seems oddly out of place in the frowzy, ill-lighted side street. A big, burly, middle-aged man he is, with countryman writ all over him. Ordinarily, one would say, his natural expression is frank and jovial, but to-night his eyes are hard, his jaw thrust forward, and set, and he watches the stage-door as a dog does a rabbit-hole.

A PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

A quiet motor-brougham draws up by the stage-door. From it steps a dark, handsome, but evil-faced man, and waits expectant. Presently through the stage-door comes a bright, girlish figure. She is little more than a child. The dark man steps forward, and bows with just a shade too much deference.

"At last, Miss Willoughby," he says, "I am indeed honoured." The girl looks at him with frightened eyes. "I—I am not sure I ought to come, Lord M——," she stammers.

There are ugly stories about Lord M—— and his supper-parties.

Then she starts as a heavy hand is laid on her shoulder and she finds herself looking into the big countryman's face.

"Dad," she cries, shrinking back.

"Ay, lass," says the big man, "I've found thee. And now thou art coming whoam."

For a second the girl hesitates, and then she is crying in her father's arms.

Lord M—— knows when he is beaten. He raises his hat, steps into his brougham, and is whirled away.

Father and daughter walk hand in hand down the narrow street, and the Stage-Door knows her no more. PETER GILCHRIST.

FEATS OF ENDURANCE.

SOME RECORDS OF PLUCK AND FOOLHARDINESS.

Doctors affirm that a week is the limit to which any man can go without sleep and not become a lunatic. A remarkable wager was recently entered into by some undergraduates. One of them, a splendid athlete in every way, vowed he could keep carrying buckets of water from a tap and emptying them into a cistern away for seven days and seven nights with only ten minutes' rest, morning and ing, to snatch a hasty meal.

He took special diet during the ordeal, and for three days and nights he seemed like an automaton.

On the fourth day he began to be what boxing men term "rather groggy," and couldn't keep from dozing. On the fifth he was reeling like a drunken man and seemed half blind, and in the night he began to show unequivocal signs that his mind was becoming unhinged, so that his friends stopped the ordeal. He slept for some thing like thirty hours on end after it, but awoke none the worse, physically or mentally, for this extraordinary trial.

Captain Webb's great swim across the Channel to Calais Harbour in August was a feat of endurance that his would-be tors have not yet been able to equal. He across, he was stung by a sea-nettle, and the pain made him turn faint and sick, and he carried the red mark on his shoulder to But he struggled on against the turn of tide, and his face and neck were scorched by exposure and incrusted with salt. He must give in, but "Do or die" was his motto feeling, and his feet touched French after a swim of twenty hours.

Two goldminers performed a remarkable feat of endurance in making a voyage of each in a frail rowboat, down the and rock-strewn rapids of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, not two years ago. they had fairly embarked on their perilous enterprise, there was no giving it up—they to go on, for they were shut in by cliffs, thousands of feet high, and they have got back against the rapids.

The journey lasted three months, which they endured all manner of privations. covered in all over 750 miles. The last the voyage indeed was accomplished by boat, the other being wrecked, and he rode as deck passenger on the covered part of the surviving vessel through the rapids and cataracts. Repeatedly he was washed off—swept away by the boiling a most powerful swimmer, he always managed to struggle back again to safety.

Mr. William Bryant, of Costerfield, Australia, was bitten the other day on the first finger of the left hand by a poisonous snake. He placed his finger on a block and immediately chopped it off with an axe.

Men entombed in mines have frequently displayed great powers of endurance. Three French colliers were rescued from the Couriè res mine after existing for three weeks on the bark of props, horseflesh and earth!

"Fire Kings" and fire-eaters have performed feats that were not always mere trickery. One named Richardson rubbed his hands, and other parts of his person to be exposed to the fire, with some chemical substance, and a powerful liquid hardened the skin almost like leather. He would hold a thick piece of hot iron between his teeth, and put a live on his tongue and then roast or scallop an oyster on it.

Blacksmiths, by the way, can often hold a piece of iron nearly red hot, the skin of the having become insensible to the heat by quent practice.

Chabert, a baker in Paris, could go into heated oven of the royal palace at the Tuileries and hand out the dishes of baked viands with his hands!

E. FILTER.

FIGHTING A GALE

A NEW JOY FOR THE OUTDOOR MAN.

The windows rattled on in the darkness of the small hours, and between sleeping and waking I became vaguely conscious that a gale was rising, if indeed it had not risen already, and in my drowsy enjoyment, taking a sort of fighting from the gusts on the roof overhead.

Now and again large drops of rain lashed the window pane, and on the day broke I could see, through the crinkling rivulets running down the glass, that the trees swayed and bent to and fro in the increasing winds.

A little later, well fortified with a hearty breakfast, with leggings taut, and a cheering fire behind me, I was ready to set out to meet the full a day with the nor'wester the year had so far given us. I knew these winds of old, and took firm hold upon the door as I went to meet the gale. But I had underrated its might, and scarcely had I lifted the latch when, with a roar as of some furious sea, a host of wild invisible foes drove door and me backwards as they tore through the house.

Simultaneously every door within the house seemed to bang in a deafening chorus. The wind had entered with a vengeance.

STRAINING AND STRIVING.

For the first few minutes I was helpless before the assaulting winds. Staggering up the long road I strained like any overladen horse, to reach the summit. Every inch of way was won by sheer stubborn fighting, and more than once or twice the sudden gusts prevented my advance and even threatened to upset my balance. With an impertinent and unexpected gust my morning cigarette was whisked from between my lips, the ashes scattering over my face and adding to the discomfort of my smarting eyes.

Intermittent rain dashed along, rather than down, in heavy sheets, lashing the face with furious lashes. For a mile or more I fought my way, now at each step becoming more accustomed to the windy war, and therefore able to appreciate the fierceness of the storm and watch its wild and vigorous onslaught upon every opposing object.

The sturdy trees that seemed immovable in the ground and creaked from their long standing as the surge swept over them. Their swaying tops bent deep towards the earth in search of quieter levels. At every lull the topmost twigs would swish back into their natural upright pose as if shot from a giant catapult. But not for long was partial peace allowed them.

THE WIND IN THE TREES.

As if in anger at their daring once more to raise their heads to the blast the shrieking furies would come down upon them with redoubled force, and strong indeed was the bough that kept its hold upon the supporting trunk.

The tallest pines moaned in an agony, their slender trunks rocking to and fro down to the very ground, their wrinkled, knotted roots gripping the earth with almost conscious effort as the trees swayed to and fro at the will of the gale. Scarcely a living creature ventured abroad in such a tempest. A few incautious rooks dislodged from their immemorial haunts by deadwood, called unavailingly upon each other as they were swept along on the air, their voices reaching the earth in fitful wails, their pinions ruffled; their movements uncontrolled. And then a burst of sun flashed over the earth from between the scurrying clouds, and, hurrying on, I reached the bare hill top.

Here the tempest raged with unobstructed violence. The glimpse of sunshine passed along the landscape at astounding speed, tipping the woods for a brief interval with gold, and then scurrying across the lower lands, leaving behind it an even deeper gloom.

Turning to face the wind I watched the airy waves passing over wood and field and house indifferently, taking as it were every fence with the reckless dare-devil courage and confidence of a hard rider. The trees bent to the onslaught discreetly, knowing, as it seemed, the risks of opposing such a progress. The vane upon the little village church below shivered and trembled, and hastened to turn its thinnest edge to each blast to escape certain disaster.

THE IRRESISTIBLE TEMPEST.

It was an unforgettable experience. Nothing could stay or even hinder for a moment this unconquerable power that swept across the earth carrying all before it, or exacting a terrible penalty from everything that dared oppose it. It reminded me of nothing so much as of a man confident in his strength and ultimate success, who flouts conventional absurdities of manner or of method, and makes straight for his goal.

There was unbounded youth in this gale; a youth that whistled through the woods, purging the trees of dead and useless branches; sweeping away the encumbering accumulations of a dead past; waking the stagnant solitudes and filling the wide spaces of the earth with a new and sweeter breath; stopping at no half-hearted conquests among the saplings or the withered boughs of outworn trees, but striking at the highest and the strongest, riving the knotty oaks, and taking toll of the very monarchs of the wood.

AFTER THE STORM.

And as I unwillingly descended the hill towards home, I passed through a land strewn thick with the victims of the gale.

Branches wrenched off in their prime; old, venerable trunks brought low across the ditches and obstructing the free use of path and road; innumerable scraps of dead and dying wood; thatch from many a hayrick—all lay in disorder, evidences of the pitiless onslaught and of their own weakness.

But the world was the better for it, and I sighed for a little more of the rough and ready but effective methods of the gale in things that concern humanity. So much trouble would be saved!

F. A. SHERLEY.

NOT FOR ELDERLY READERS.

A prominent mental expert assures us that men between the ages of fifty-five and sixty should not be allowed to hold any responsible position.

During that period, or, as scientists describe it, between the meridian and the beginning of age, a man loses his nerve.

The assertion is borne out by recent happenings. Engine-drivers and captains of ships have been responsible for serious mishaps through errors of judgment, or not doing the right thing at the critical moment; and it has been found that nearly one half of those who have committed such blunders have been between fifty-five and sixty.

After sixty the nerve returns in full force, and is generally accompanied by a marked increase in the powers of judgment.

THE POINTS OF A HORSE.

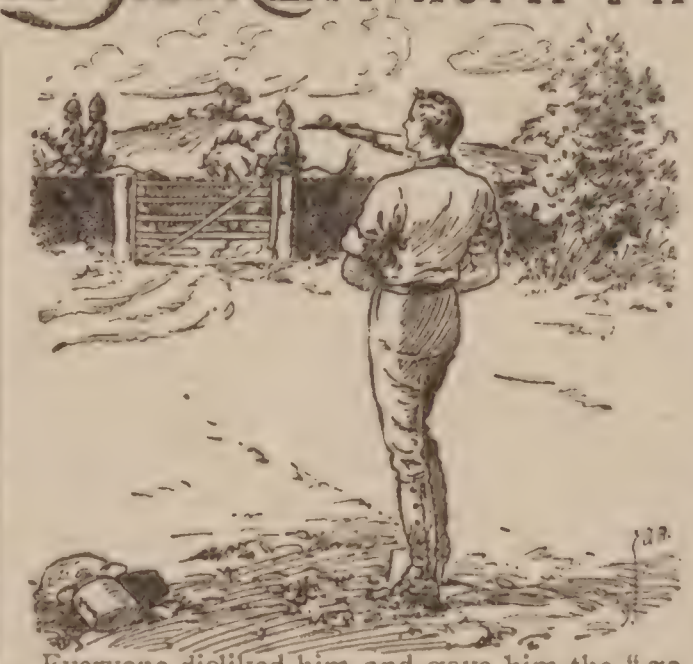
So many of my readers have written to me confessing absolute ignorance as to the points of a horse, and desiring information, that I have had this sketch prepared. It shows at a glance the geography of our equine friend, and I venture to think you will find it of some interest.

YOUR EDITOR.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE SECRET NIGHT WALKS

By JOHN G. ROWE.



"The white horses are on the pot, mother."

"Ah, then we'll have our supper, *agra*."

And the mother bustled into the kitchen, where her son was sitting in front of the clear fire of turf, the glow of which was reflected ruddily in the brightly polished pewter dishes and jugs upon the well-scrubbed dresser.

Mrs. McCarthy lifted off the pot of stirabout, with a sharp glance at her son. He had not sprung up to lift the pot off for her as he usually did. He still sat there, staring into the fire, elbow on knee and with hand supporting his chin, an absorbed look in his handsome blue Irish eyes.

"John, avick, what ails ye to-night at all, at all?" asked the mother a little anxiously. "Your mind's runnin' on some colleen now, I'm after thinkin'."

John McCarthy roused himself.

"Mother, where does father go at night?" he asked abruptly, facing sharply upon her.

His mother almost dropped the pot of stirabout. Her face went very white, and her eyes dilated with a terrified, hunted look.

She set her burden down quickly, and, burying her face in her apron, burst into tears.

"John, John, don't ask me! Don't ask me that," she moaned in a heart-broken tone that had a note of terror in it.

The young man leaped to his feet, biting his lips and alternately opening and clenching his hands.

"I feared as much. He's after no good on these midnight excursions."

"I—I can't tell you. Oh, John, John, *acushla*, don't ask me—don't say any more, or you'll break my heart."

She sank sobbing into the nearest chair. Her son was beside her in a moment and put his arm fondly about her.

"Mother darling, don't take on so. I—I didn't mean to upset you like this. But I have long been puzzled to think how it is father finds the money he does to spend on the drink, when if it weren't for the way I work on the farm we should have been sold up long ago."

"You have watched him?" his mother said in a tense whisper.

"If you mean have I played the spy on him, I've not, mother. But some nights back I was lying awake in bed and heard someone stealin' softly out of the house. I looked out of the window and saw it was father, dressed and with his stick in his hand. He crept away behind the wall of the boreen, stoopin' almost double, showin' that he was afraid of being seen. It worried me all the next day, and that night again I kept awake on purpose, and the same thing happened."

"Yes," huskily whispered his mother. "But John, John, don't say any more. Try to think well of your father, boy. Remember, after all, he is your father."

"I do remember it, mother. If I hadn't, he and I would have come to blows long before this, over the way he treats you.

"If he were only the sort of man you could talk to or reason with, I'd have it out with him, but——"

"Oh, don't talk like that, John. He might be a great deal worse."

"And he might be a great deal better, growled John. "All right, mother, I'll drop the subject. But things can't go on like this much longer. Father and I will fall out unless he alters greatly, and soon. Come, *mhair asthore*, dry your eyes and let's have our supper. The stirabout 'll be getting cold."

It was not to be wondered at that John McCarthy had very little affection for his male parent. Rory McCarthy was a sour, bullying sort of man, who hadn't a kind word to throw to a dog. He ruled his timid little wife with a rod of iron, and could never keep a labourer or a servant-girl with his overbearing and carping manner.

Everyone disliked him and gave him the "go-by" at the fair. Never by any chance was he asked to a wedding or a christening, or even a wake.

On the following morning John was at work early in the fields, as usual. His father was still abed—also as usual—after another of his mysterious nocturnal expeditions.

The young man presently straightened his back and struck the spade deep into the earth. He looked about him at the long, whitewashed farm—with its low thatched roof and its adjoining piggeries, cowhouse and hay yard; then across the sweet-smelling uplands to the distant hills, across a level expanse of field and meadow, bounded by mountains that seemed to support the sky, round to where a delightfully verdant valley, dotted with velvety woods and groves, lay smiling in the sunshine, while beyond the waters of the lake glistened like molten silver.

"It is a fine old place," John muttered. "But I cannot stick it any longer. I feel I shall never do any good for myself plodding away here with my father wasting what I make. I can do better for myself, I'm after thinking."

The clatter of many hoofs came faintly to his ear. Shading his eyes, he peered in the direction of the sound—along the white road that wound like a snake up the valley.

A detachment of the Royal Irish Constabulary was riding towards him. It was coming on rapidly at a hand-gallop, and was soon close enough for him to be able to take in everything of its appearance. Their smart dark-green, almost black, uniforms set off the men's well-knit, muscular figures to advantage, as they rose and fell with the movement of their horses.

The jingle of their accoutrements and the proud, noble bearing of the horses, all added to the attractiveness of their aspect, and John McCarthy stood looking at them as they swung past laughing and chatting.

He watched them so intently that he attracted their attention, and one of them called out something banteringly.

But the words fell on deaf ears, and he continued to follow the detachment with his eyes, unheeding all else. He watched it ride out of sight over the crest of the hill behind the farm, and he kept on staring at the spot where it had vanished for some little time after.

That night John walked into Ballysheen and entered the public library.

"I want to learn all about the Royal Irish Constabulary," he said to the librarian, "where'll I find it?"

On his return home, he found his mother knitting a pair of sheep's grey stockings for her husband.

"Mother, I am joining the Royal Irish Constabulary to-morrow."

She sprung up, dropping her knitting, and threw her hands aloft in horror.

"John!—oh! John! who is to look after the farm? What will become of me—your father and me?"

"My father will have to look after himself more, that's all, mother. He will have to think less of the public-house and more of his farm. While I am here he won't. It is for the best, mother, I am sure. I have thought it all out and my mind is fully made up. I join the force to-morrow. I am just the right age—nineteen, and I am over the height and size they want."

* * * * * *

Rory McCarthy was digging in the field. His son's departure had in a measure reclaimed him. Perforce, he had had to attend more to the farming. But he thought none the better of the absent John on that account.

Instead he cursed the boy as a prodigal son, a miserable *bocaun*, a worthless *pittiogue*, until his wife plucked up courage to say that John was no soft, kidglove youth, but a man in every sense of the word.

This afternoon his wife was reading a letter which she had received from her son, now out of his six months' probationary service and in receipt of over a pound a week. The letter had cheered her wonderfully.

As she came out of the door to call her husband in to dinner, she heard the rapid hoofbeats of a horse approaching at a gallop. She looked along the road and saw a horseman riding towards the house at a neck-or-nothing pace. She saw he wore the uniform of the R.I.C. and stood to watch him.

That was the service her son belonged to. Was the rider coming to the house with news of John?

As one spellbound, she watched while the trooper came on like the wind. And then a scream of delight burst from her.

"It's John!"

Up dashed the rider.

"Where is father?"

"At the back of the house—in the fields."

"I must see him at once. I will be back presently, mother."

He had not dismounted, but she had rushed his saddlebow. He bent down, clasped her round the neck and kissed her fondly; then he sat up again, and dashing spurs once more to his charger, galloped round the farmhouse.

The father and son met just round the corner.

"Father, I've heard what you do of a night in the mountains—that you are running an illicit whisky-still. I have ridden all the way from Macroom at the gallop to save you. You are to be arrested to-night. Here are twenty pounds, all that I have saved from my wages. Make for Dunmanway; you'll get the train there to Cork, and you can catch the steamer to the States from Queenstown."

Rory McCarthy had recoiled with a fearful oath as his son addressed him. But he quickly lost his look of fury and defiance; his hands fell nervelessly by his sides, and he dropped his head to the ground in a shamefaced way.

"Give me the money," was all he said.

John poured the gold into his cupped hands, and the old man's eyes gleamed avariciously as he hurriedly stowed the coins away. Then, without a word of gratitude, he ran towards the house.

His wife met him at the corner.

"Rory, what is the matter? Where are you going?"

"Out of my way, woman! I am done with you."

He ran on while his wife fell up against the side of the house, white and ghastly-looking.

"John! John! what does it mean?" she wailed.

Her son flung himself from the saddle and caught her in his arms.

"It means, mother, that I have saved him from gaol, and that he has to fly the country. We'll sell the farm, and you'll come back with me to Macroom and live close by the barracks. So you see it has been for the best after all that I joined the constabulary."

And the two turned into the house, to find it empty. Rory McCarthy had left his home for the last time.

SCULLING

HOW TO TASTE THE RIVER'S GREATEST JOYS.

The call of the river—who has not heard it at some time or another, and known the longing to hear the water lapping against the thin planks that separate you from its green depths, and the breeze swishing through the whispering reeds by the bank? But complete enjoyment comes but little experience in the indefinable quality of watermanship, which is acquired only by long practice and acquaintance with the ways of boats, and by rubbing up against the men of the riverside—a fine race, with good hearts and ready wits, and with more of the *corps* and knowledge of each other that is to be found in most callings.

And it is in the form of sculling that the joys of the river are made known to the vast majority of devotees. It needs little or no experience to get along somehow, and the risk of a duck-ing is not so great as with punting or canoeing; but sculling is essentially the form of aquatic sport which appeals to the novice.

SCULLS AND SCULLS.

I suppose that the reader is such a novice, and no practised waterman. In that case he will probably need to be told that there is a difference between sculling and rowing—a difference always from the river point of view. On the sea things are different, and I lay claim to a knowledge of matters nautical.

The essential point is that in rowing each man pulls a single oar, while in sculling he uses a pair of sculls, one in each hand. A scull, therefore, is a much smaller affair than the oar, and varies in length and weight according to the size of the boat. It has also a much shorter leverage, owing to the restrictions of the length of it "inboard" (i.e., between the button and the handle) by the fact that the sculls must not overlap more than a few inches, except in the widest boats. Even about two inches, except in the widest boats. Almost all pairs of sculls do overlap one another, so that until the novice has learnt to keep his hand slightly in front of the other, there is considerable danger of one or two skinned knuckles in store for him.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The oar, on the other hand, reaches right across the boat inboard, so that the greater part of the work is done by the arm of the rower pulling from the thole-pin, the outer hand being employed mainly to turn the blade on to the feather. The oar, with its 12 ft. 6 in. or so of length and 9 in. inboard, bears much the same relation to the scull as did the old two-handed sword to the modern foil or rapier.

The one is for hard work, for struggles where pure brute and muscle tell, the other for more delicate handling, where finesse and style are everything.

Sculling proper is of two kinds—you may be out for exercise or pleasure. If it is your object to get a change into rowing togs and have a sharp pull on the river by way of keeping fit—for there is no more pleasant way of getting good hard work in a short space of time and independently of others—or if perhaps you have an eye on the local sculling championship or even on the "Diamonds" themselves, you will want a different sort of craft from that in which you would drift leisurely down stream, or lie up in some shady backwater with a pipe and a book, at peace with the world, enjoying that calm contentment that freedom from care, and close touch with nature, that only the river can give.

Having once learned the elements of water-craft and begun to feel at home in a dingey or some heavier craft, you will embark in a whiff, a little rudderless vessel, clinker-built, with overlapping timbers, which will seem at first too frail even to support your weight, when you take your place on the sliding seat.

Then with sculls fixed in spidery riggers by a bar across the top, that you may right yourself in time of need, and with your heart in your mouth, you sally forth, and let us hope you are a good swimmer, for many a man have I seen take an unexpected bath during his first efforts in a whiff.

The sculls have to be used like a balancing pole to keep the boat steady, and hence, while in rowing the oar-blade should clear the water as you come forward, the sculls should skim the top of the water so that you feel your balance.

WORK OR DALLIANCE?

As you become more expert, you will venture forth in a tooth-pick, a long smooth-skinned craft with canvas-covered ends, which you could almost lift with one hand, but by that time you will be almost a finished waterman, and will know more about the game than could ever be put on paper. You can only learn to scull by experience, or by getting a man who knows to coach you a bit at first.

But sculling of this more scientific and workmanlike kind has the disadvantage of being a sport in which one must indulge alone, for even if you have a companion in another boat he must needs keep his distance, and you can but indulge in friendly rivalry in the form of an occasional sprint.

If voyaging or loafing be your aim, a skiff, gig or dingey will be more appropriate, and you will not be condemned to travel alone, for a fair coxswain may form part of the crew.

She is sure to be fair, because all river girls are pretty—the other sort seem to avoid the water—but she will probably be an indifferent performer with the rudder-lines.

TROUBLE!

You will get along swimmingly (though, let us hope, not literally so) until a steam launch is bearing down upon you, and then there will be an agonised cry of "Quick! which string do I pull?" or you will suddenly be shot into the bottom of the boat by a bump like an earthquake, and on collecting yourself, will find her gazing at the frock of a girl in a passing punt, while the nose of your skiff is firmly imbedded in the bank.

But in spite of all these troubles, I doubt whether you will not find the time spent in a craft thus badly steered, to be more enjoyable than the solitary spin which, if more athletic, is decidedly less romantic.

H. HALLETT.

IDEA-COURTING.

Most writers demand peace and quiet when they try to cudgel the words from their brains, but Mr. F. Frankfort Moore finds that the ideas come to him most readily when there are other people in the room. He has written many a chapter while a noisy party of friends have been playing a game of cards.

Mr. Hall Caine gets ideas by hunting for them industriously. Police courts and theatres are favourite resorts of his, and he generally manages to bring away with him some marketable idea.

The rollicking sea stories of Mr. Clark Russell show no evidence of what he suffers while producing them. He is a victim to acute gout, and when the pain becomes excessive he flies to his desk, for he believes that his best work is done while he is suffering the most acute physical agony; moreover he finds that work is in itself a palliative to pain.

Mr. Kipling gets his ideas from the living men whose words and thoughts he portrays.

TERRITORIAL HORSEMANSHIP.

WHY DO HORSEY MEN STAND ALOOF?

Which is the corps to choose? Mounted or unmounted?

To judge from the number of would-be cavalrymen, artillerymen and A.S.C. drivers who are being turned away because there are no vacancies, the mounted units are well ahead in popularity.

It is not difficult to understand the fascination of mounted work—the opportunity of riding offered to those to whom otherwise the horse would be a sealed book, the idea that sitting on the back of a charger, or on a gun limber or wagon, is so much easier than marching, and the greater smartness of the uniform, all contribute to it.

And yet half the men who get into these mounted corps have no idea of what they are in for, and perhaps have a rude awakening the first time the trumpet sounds for stables in camp. Not that they would not join if they did know. They would, every man jack of them, for your Territorial is a man of spirit; he is out to undergo hardships and to take the rough with the smooth, partly because a real man enjoys doing so, and partly because he knows he is serving his country in a very practical way.

The mounted Territorial shows a vast amount of pluck—a great deal more than he ever gets credit for. He has to deal in most cases with horses which are not trained to military work, a disadvantage which is not shared by the regulars, and in only too many cases he has no previous experience of horseflesh.

It is an unfortunate fact, and one which does not reflect any great credit on the "horsey" fraternity, that the men whose daily work gives them some previous knowledge of horses and their management are usually the last to join the Force and place their experience at the service of their country, while if they do come forward it is not a mounted unit that they join.

Perhaps it is hardly to be wondered at that if a man is going to give up the bulk of his holidays to learn soldiering, he wants to do something as far removed from his daily occupation as possible, and the van driver does not want to become an A.S.C. or Artillery driver, or the groom a Yeoman.

Yet we must have experts in the Territorial Force. The regular, who gives all his time to the work, can learn his job from the beginning, but the Territorial ought to come with some special knowledge already acquired, especially in mounted units and in the more technical departments, such as the Army Service Corps, the Telegraph, Electrical and Cable Engineers, the Balloon Companies, and the Army Medical Corps, branches which are such necessary parts of a modern army.

A few days in camp teach a man a vast amount about horse and stable management, but much time and many accidents might be saved if the men could bring some knowledge of horseflesh with them.

I have referred to the pluck of the Territorial in dealing with unmanageable horses, but perhaps in some cases it is partly due to the men's ignorance of the frightful risks they run.

I have seen a trooper pull a rearing horse over on top of him, even after having been warned by an officer. He was not hurt, and he picked himself up like a man and went on with the drill, but he had learnt his lesson, and next time he will throw himself and his reins forward on to the horse's neck when it rears.

I have seen more than one pair of bolting horses dragging a clattering, springless transport wagon, with an inexperienced boy tugging coolly at the reins, and eventually getting them in hand as they swayed on the brink of a ditch.

That boy had his fair share of pluck. But we want the men who have already won their spurs as horsemen. It is their duty to put their special knowledge at the service of their country.

J. GERVAISE.

THE CARTER.

A STUDY.

I never see the ruddy face of the young carter, fresh from earthy fields and gardens, as he moves with ponderous step about the purlieus of the great market in Covent Garden, without contrasting him with the "exquisites" who sometimes may be seen diving into gorgeous motor-cars after a long and wild night at the adjacent Opera House.

The two are apparently the poles asunder in their outlook upon life, and yet I know to whom the world will look in moments when it feels the pangs of hunger.

The one is effete and self-indulgent; the other radiates the good cheer of perfect health wherever he goes.

These carters are a sturdy race to whom life's comforts are unknown. They spend their strange, disordered lives in passing to and fro between the two extremes of modern civilisation —the spreading fields and the busy London streets.

Throughout the day these men are not asleep like any other workers of the night, for then the fields demand their labour. The wide, level market gardens circling the metropolis far out of sight and sound of City's smoke and noise, need constant watching.

Vegetables must be gathered, counted, packed, and loaded on the carts in readiness for the start, and horses need attention. And when the day begins to fade into evening the carter mounts to the seat behind the horses and sets out for market.

Many of them come from far distant farms and gardens, and it is no unusual thing for a man to do a daily journey of five, six, seven, and even eight hours' duration each way, every working day of the year.

Wrapped in rough sacking to keep out the mists and damp of night he sits, and often lies, upon the ledge of the wagon as his horses plod along the familiar road at a regular measured pace. This journey townwards is too often the carter's only chance of getting any sleep throughout the entire twenty-four hours of each day! And, strange to say, he usually does succeed in sleeping for some hours of the journey, and at the same time appears to keep control of his horses, to observe the rule of the road, and to keep the right path to town.

Before he has been driving vegetables to Covent Garden for long, he and his horses come to a complete agreement as to how their work must be done. The carter on his part leaves them to make their own pace, and they undertake to avoid other traffic and to pick the right turnings to the market. Not infrequently the carter oversleeps, and then he finds his rest rudely broken by the gruff voice of the policeman; then, as he blinks at the bright lantern held to his face, he realises that he is already in the heart of London and that the earliest traffic of the day is abroad; and the fine inflicted for "being found asleep when in charge of a van and horses" makes a serious hole in his princely wage of 18s. a week.

When in the market this bronzed and sturdy young countryman shows all the sharpness of his town cousins. He answers chaff with chaff, he makes his way skilfully among the maze of wagons, and keeps a sharp eye on his own loaded wagon until the last carrot has been sold.

By middle day, or sooner if he has good luck, his van is empty. Covent Garden's market halls are filled with earthy fragrance; piles of fresh and dewy vegetables bring country scenes to town and give the passing clerk and lunch hour loiterers delicious whiffs of mint and other fragrant green stuff.

The carter has no time to linger in the town. Turning his horses' heads towards home, he soon leaves London far behind, and when the journey ends he has to do his share of field work, or, if the distance is great, he must prepare to return to town once more with another cart which is already loaded up and waiting for him.

GIBSON BETTS.

MY NOTEBOOK.

MY FIRST HORSE. Last week I promised—or threatened, according to your point of view—to tell you some of my experiences as a horse-owner.

I suppose that the first horse a man owns always leaves the strongest impression upon his mind. Such at least was my own case.

She was a thoroughbred mare, own sister to a horse which did fairly well on the racecourse, but she herself was found lacking in stamina, or in some of the other qualities which go to make a perfect racehorse, and therefore she was turned down, as being useless from a turf point of view.

Though a failure as a racer, she was none the less excellent as a hack, and the fact that her owner found her absolutely useless for his purpose, enabled me to purchase her for a very small amount, considering her quality.

Her colour was chestnut, the tail, mane and forelock being a shade or so lighter than the rest. Her head was small and her neck was long and her skin was perfect. She was in every respect a picture. Strangers would ask me to let them photograph her.

But her merits did not stop with her good looks. She was in her way the most affectionate being on four legs that it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

I looked after her myself, and when she heard my foot as I came down the garden to the stable she would whinny a welcome to me. When I got inside her box she was all over me, poking her nose as far into my jacket pocket as it could get in her search for sugar.

In the stable she was the most gentle and docile mare imaginable. Outside she was a perfect devil.

TROUBLE. I do not think that her misbehaviour on the road was due to nervousness, for I believe she had every confidence in me; neither am I willing to think that it was the outcome of inherent cussedness. It was too active to be called playfulness.

She was a bit of an inventor in her way. She did not content herself with buckjumping after the ordinary style, but when her four feet were off the ground and her back formed an arch with myself upon the apex, she would, by a twist of the muscles, spring directly sideways, and if you have ever been on a horse that knows this trick, you will appreciate the fact that such an animal is a good deal harder to sit than the honest, straightforward buckjumper.

We had many a fight, but we both fought fair; I have never known her to start her games when a motor-car was approaching or when we were in the village street beside the shop windows.

I have lost my temper with a horse more than once, but I never did so with Vanity. She was so docile and affectionate when she returned to the stable that you felt you could forgive her for all her iniquities

---

THE LOSS OF A DEAR FRIEND. One morning I went down the garden as usual, but no sound of welcome greeted me from the stable. The top half of the door had been left open, for the night was hot, and I looked in. Vanity was lying on the straw and she did not get up when I spoke to her.

She was dead.

The vet. told me that she must have twisted a gut in lying down, for she had so far been in perfect health. I did not worry myself, however, about the reason; the main fact was that I had lost a very dear friend.

I think, as I write these lines, of some of the battles which Vanity and I fought together, or rather with one another, and I do not know whether I liked her better when they were in progress or when she was nosing into my pocket for sugar.

I am pretty sure that she liked me too.

Horses are like people; you never find two just alike. The one I have now [illegible] than Vanity. He is an Irishman, with [illegible] a bit of a temper, but all the same, [illegible] the charms of equine character which [illegible] possessed in such a marked degree, [illegible] least a very long and comfortable tr[illegible] should consider him an ideal horse if [illegible] not that I remember once posse[illegible]

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAPER. I like to think that the [illegible] this paper depends wholly on my[illegible] self, that it is wholly a thing of my own creation. But it is some[illegible] thing more than that. If you, my reader, [illegible] ship the spirit of the paper, I also do so.

On the day when THE MODERN MAN is p[illegible] lished, I make a point of buying a co[illegible] Waterloo Station just as if I were an [illegible] reader, and during my journey [illegible] the paper with as keen a delight as [illegible] my supporters. I pass the various art[illegible] stories in manuscript, I pass [illegible] form, but when I buy the paper I [illegible] the position of the ordinary [illegible] read it afresh. It seems better to me [illegible] it has ever done.

Do not, I beg of you, accuse me of v[illegible] this or in any other of these rambling [illegible] have, as I have admitted to you so [illegible] full quota of faults, but I can assure you [illegible] vanity is not one of them. I read and [illegible] THE MODERN MAN on the day of publica[illegible] because I take it up in the evening [illegible] tired out with the day's work. My [illegible] not then as high as it has been, and I [illegible] the results of my work when I have been [illegible] my best with something of the same [illegible] that an old man must experience when he [illegible] upon a photograph of himself taken in [illegible] happy years of youth.

The only explanation that I can offer [illegible] my vigour must be of varying quantity. [illegible] ing office hours I never consult a copy [illegible] MODERN MAN with any particular feeling [illegible] faction; I always think how much be[illegible] paper might have been; but after office [illegible] when there is not so much as a blue editor[illegible] pencil in my pocket to remind me of my trade [illegible] I thoroughly enjoy the spirit of the pap[illegible]

AN OPINION. "Thank goodness," [illegible] in his letter to me, "that [illegible] have some men left in the co[illegible] try, and you undoubtedly are one of them."

I might take this statement as being flatter[illegible] ing, but if I did so I should only be foo[illegible] self. My friend suggests that I am on[illegible] comparatively small number. He is [illegible] wrong.

All that a picture, a tune, a book, or a [illegible] journal such as this can mean to you, [illegible] dependent upon the response which [illegible] within yourself. No melody can stir [illegible] who has not melody within him. No [illegible] paper could arouse the interest of a man [illegible] was not essentially virile.

It is because there is in my readers the [illegible] spirit as in myself that I have been able to [illegible] your hearts. It so happens that I have [illegible] gifted, or cursed, with the power of and [illegible] for self-expression. All that is in me is [illegible] found in these pages. There is something [illegible] these articles and stories which strikes a [illegible] sponsive note in you. That is why you [illegible] them. That is why you like me.

To suppose that I am gifted in any [illegible] manner is erroneous, for, as I have [illegible] you, I am a very ordinary young man. [illegible] like the paper, not because it is clever, but [illegible] cause it gives expression to something [illegible] you yourself have felt.

But the credit in the whole thing, if [illegible] there be, is not due either to me or to my [illegible] or to those who write for me. It is due to [illegible] masculine spirit which has been born, [illegible] reader, within you yourself.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A CHANCE IN LIFE

By STUART CANNON.

The man, iron-haired, [illegible] sat at his desk in [illegible] office and [illegible] to write. But [illegible] pen and his hand, the [illegible] at the strong man [illegible] fully, the pen down [illegible] hands.

From outside [illegible] "clang-clang" [illegible] shipyard, the sound [illegible] accompanied the march [illegible] through the [illegible] afternoon. It was two years [illegible] since he [illegible] in a big [illegible] by the river and a little [illegible] office."

[illegible] in that little hut [illegible] haped his [illegible] and drawn on the [illegible] road to Fortune. [illegible] partner had seen fit to waste his [illegible] card playing. He had [illegible] The business became his—[illegible] a great concern with shafts [illegible] great iron work-sheds. All his [illegible] built it for Her and the boy, his [illegible]

[illegible] he heard that iron song, [illegible] been the glorious pæan of [illegible] his ears. He had taken the tall, [illegible]-jacketed boy of his round the works in his [illegible] day, and proudly told him it should all be [illegible] him. He thought it would be [illegible] Then the boy had become a young [illegible] Varsity, proud of the "guv'nor," [illegible] a power on the Clyde, and not un-[illegible] in the office looked at his watch and [illegible] an anguished face towards the light. [illegible] side, the sun blazed proudly on the bronze man-high letters set out above the biggest shed [illegible] "John Stanforth and Son." "And Son" blazed brighter than all; the two simple words that meant so much had been added but a year.

Blazed brighter than all—John Stanforth [illegible] that keenly now. How dull, dirty, and [illegible] they really were!

[illegible] went to his desk again and pulled [illegible] ledger, the sight of which [illegible] loved. It was only too clear. [illegible] five hundred pounds—that was [illegible] the boy had robbed his father, [illegible] it should be in the blood of a son [illegible] whispered half to himself.

[illegible] on the mantelpiece struck eleven. [illegible] well-known knock fell on the door.

[illegible]nforth shuddered.

"Come in!" he called weakly.

"Morning, sir!" A well-groomed, finely-[illegible] young man with strong, clear-cut features, [illegible] a sheaf of papers.

"The reports?" the man, looking up from his [illegible]

Stanforth laid them on the [illegible] by his side.

"Brilliant boat can be off the slips to-[illegible]" the young man said. "I've had them [illegible] at it—they'll work for me, y'know. [illegible] mean a big save."

"A big [illegible]" Mr. Stanforth. "My [illegible] a thousand. But, I say, guv'nor, [illegible] over pleased, and I thought—I [illegible] liked me to be—er—business-like." [illegible] word curled out of his lips uncon-sciously and conveyed a tone of patrician indifference. Jack had been taught that the English dictionary as used at the 'Varsity contained no such word as "business." There was an uncomfortable, mean little buzz about it. A similar edition of the English dictionary also circulated in the society he was privileged to mix with in Town. The book on the library shelves of some houses he visited contained the word decently covered up with a little gilt coroneted stamp-paper.

"Yes, I like you to be business-like, Jack," said Mr. Stanforth thickly.

He picked up the morning paper from the desk. It was his habit to look through the Stock Exchange quotations and talk business matters over with his son. Jack stood waiting for the inevitable homily on the shares in Steamship Lines. But it did not come off. Instead, Mr. Stanforth turned to the racing news.

"Jack," he said suddenly, "what do you think will win the City and Suburban?"

"Really, sir——" he began.

"Cut that out!" exclaimed the Iron Master sternly. "Damn it, I asked you a simple question! Answer it!"

The young man, his eyes turned down to the toes of his patent boots, said nothing.

"I don't know," he muttered at length.

"Oh, you weak, wretched little fool!" exclaimed his father. "I see you've taken five thousand to five hundred against Chippenham, so you *might* do him the honour of saying you expected him to win! Five thousand to five hundred—your annual income all planked down on one race. Following the proverbial luck of the Stanforths, I suppose, eh? *Very* romantic!"

The youth's white, drawn face betrayed entire blank amazement.

"Yes, I've played it low down on you; Jack, haven't I?" John Stanforth tossed an open envelope to his son. "Yes, I've committed one of the worst parental sins—opened your letters. In that one, I see Mr. Joe Barker, of Panton-Street, states he has executed your commission and begs to enclose voucher for same, hoping for further favours. Further favours—good Lord!"

Jack tried a line of independence.

"With all respect, sir, I hardly see how you are justified in opening my letters." He made for the office door.

"You'll stay here!" said his father, disengaging the young man's hand from the door-handle with a quick turn of his wrist.

John Stanforth put his back to the door. Jack flushed angrily.

"I don't know," said the Iron Master, "whether you were taught to disobey your father at your miserable University. I order you to stay where you are, and I warn you that if you attempt to get out you've got me to pass, and *my* muscles were made in the iron foundry!"

Jack let his raised hand drop, and remained silent for a moment.

"I have to get the foundry books made up for the end of the quarter," he protested. "You can't trust everything to the clerks."

"One moment. I have another letter of yours which I opened. It stinks of patchouli, and among other nauseating things the lady says she hears from Lord Ambrose—she calls him 'Brosie'—that Chippenham is bound to win in a walk, so she expects your 'monkey' is safe. So that—that woman—lady she calls herself, I suppose—is in the swim. A touching P.S. suggests you should stand her a dinner at the Carlton and 'do' a theatre afterwards—when Chippenham's winnings have been paid you. You colossal young idiot! Don't you know you're squandering your birthright for that patchouli aroma and a painted lady's smile?"

"Painted lady!" The young man's eyes blazed angrily, and he snatched the letter as his father offered it to him. "Gad! You don't know that, sir, and—and what the devil right have you to open my letters?"

"Because those two letters and their writers have drawn you into this—this muddle, and made you *forget*. Look here, Jack, if you want to make up that ledger, I brought it up from the cashier's office this morning. It's there—in that drawer. Get it out!"

"In the drawer?" Something in Jack's voice cracked miserably. He collapsed into the desk chair and let his head drop on his hands. His father knew!—knew before Chippenham had had a chance to win back the money!

It was some time before he raised his head. Outside the "clang-clang" sounded remorselessly, and it throbbed in his brain. A double knock fell on the door.

John Stanforth stood on the hearthrug staring blankly before him.

Jack sprang up.

"For heaven's sake," he said, "don't let anyone see me like this. I'm a cad, I know, but before the men——"

"Come in!" exclaimed Mr. Stanforth drily. Andrew Hall, the old foreman of the works, entered, clad in dungarees.

"Andrew, shut that door. No, Jack, *please* sit down. That's it, Andrew. I want to ask you a few questions—but keep your eye on that door."

The Iron Master turned to his foreman.

"Andrew," he said, "you and I have worked together, and you have spent your manhood's energies on the firm—the firm of Stanforth. I've got the capital together and engineered the schemes, but you have seen them right through to the last word of the contracts. You and I have worked and stuck it, haven't we, man?"

"It's right, quite right." Old Andrew was nodding sagely. "It was a struggle, but the firm ha' stuck it. Your brains, John, always your brains. Stanforth an' Co. it was, then John Stanforth plain, and now—praise God that He has allowed me to live an' see it—John Stanforth an' Son, with our boats steamin' over all the high seas. You had your chance in life, John. Be gum, you took it!"

"I did. Well, Andrew, I ask you, isn't it right that a son should be given the chance in life his father had?"

"It is that. It is."

"Then I am going to give *my* son his chance in life. Andrew, I've dealt badly by this young man. First, I sent him to fool about with plans in an engineering school, where, I believe, work was considered boring by those who had money to spend—and *he* never went short of a pound or two. Thence I sent him to the 'Varsity, where he learnt to write pretty letters to girls, and associate with loungers not of his breed or his world. The fault is mine and I take the blame for that he has——"

Jack clutched his father's arm.

"Has made a fool of himself. Now I offer him the chance *I* had. A suit of dungarees and any job you, Andrew, care to give him in the ship yard. Jack, I offer you that chance to make yourself a man. It is what your breed intended you for, and——"

"You're a brick, governor!" said the young man, grasping his father's hand.

A few minutes later Mr. Barker, of Panton-Street, received a wire cancelling Mr. J. Stanforth junr.'s investment on Chippenham in the City and Suburban.

* * * * * * *

That afternoon Lord Ambrose's Chippenham won the big race on Epsom Downs in a common trot. The patchouli scented lady awaits the Chippenham dinner still.

BUSINESS · IS · BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

NEGOTIATIONS.

The title of my subject this week may lead you to suppose that my remarks are intended for those in a very large way of business. One has come to associate the word "negotiations" with great merchants and with those magnates who engineer such infamous things as corners in the necessaries of life or the products of the earth.

Lest you should share this impression, I should like to say at once that the power of successful negotiation must exist in the man who is in business only in a small way just as it exists in the prince of commerce. It differs only in degree, but every successful business man must possess it to some extent.

I shall keep my observations as general as possible in order that they may be applicable to all lines of business.

The first bit of advice that I would give—a thing I have learned by experience—is to hide your hand.

You may call this duplicity if you like, but I think that expression is an unjust one. I do not advocate lying in business any more than in private life, but all the same it is a foolish man who carries his projects on his coat sleeve, to be read by all who care to look.

If everyone in the business world were friendly, there would be no need for the concealment of your purposes, for if politeness were the rule of business the very fact that you desire a certain thing would make everybody anxious that you should have it. But politeness of this sort is a very rare thing in the world of commerce.

Show your hand, let it be known what you are after, and immediately there will arise someone to oppose you.

Suppose you are anxious to buy a large quantity of certain stuff in order that you may fulfil an urgent contract and avoid the penalty attached to non-fulfilment. If you frankly let the trade know that this is why you want the stuff, you will find the price raised, or somebody else will forestall you in the purchase, in order that you may be crippled. When you invite tenders for the stuff, or when you go out to look for it, say nothing about the urgent contract; simply let it be understood that you are purchasing by way of a speculation. Then your rivals pity you, they think you are foolish in speculating in this particular line, and they are more than willing that you should have the stuff, for they believe that its purchase will prove your undoing.

The result of negotiations carried on in this way is generally satisfactory. You avoid opposition and possibly defeat, simply because you have kept your motives dark.

In making a deal there are other things to be considered besides secrecy. Always have one card up your sleeve.

You go to a man and ask him to do a certain bit of business with you or for you. You offer him the usual price current in the trade; you are, of course, polite to him, and you endeavour to secure his services on the ordinary principle that if he obliges you, you may be able to oblige him on some future occasion.

But he may not care to do what you want him to do for such a contingent reward. He may refuse absolutely to accept your terms.

Then comes in the advantage of having a card up your sleeve. What that card may be depends upon circumstances.

You have already decided what is the utmost price you can afford to pay, and your final card may be the naming of this price. That is a matter in its simplest form.

It may be, on the other hand, what is generally called in the business world, a proposition. Your first offer having failed to move him, you lay before him a scheme by which, while you do not actually give him more money, you yet allow him the chance of sharing with you in the profits you are going to make. Very often a suggestion of this kind will be successful.

Finally there is what you might call your last card, and one which should not be used except under imperative circumstances.

It is a threat.

The interview has been friendly, but your various suggestions have been refused. You may—still in all friendliness and politeness—tell your opponent that if he does not accede to your wishes you will be obliged to withdraw certain custom from him, to undersell him in a certain line, or in some other, but perfectly legitimate matter, to damage his interests as he is damaging yours.

There are many ways of making a threat. To make it bluntly is generally folly, for the business world is small as far as each trade is concerned, and one does not want to make enemies, for they are often dangerous.

The threat may be skilfully hidden and sugar-coated and yet serve its purpose; so long as your opponent fully understands what is in your mind, it will be sufficient; it is most injudicious to ruffle his feelings by bluster.

All the same, as I have already said, I do not advocate the use of a threat wherever it can be avoided.

Before you start negotiations at all, have a form of campaign clear in your mind. Decide how you are going to open the business; decide what you are going to say if the other man makes a certain reply; be prepared for every move that he can possibly make—then you will not find yourself checkmated.

I have shown one aspect of business life as it is, because I think it will help you to understand the hard facts, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that important business negotiations are, in almost every case, transacted amidst the genial smoke of a friendly cigar, that harsh words are avoided, that the whole meeting is more like a friendly chat than a business transaction.

Nevertheless, provided both sides know their business, each is following a definite line of action, for only so can negotiations be brought to a satisfactory and successful issue.

YOU CAN'T 'PHONE THEM.

There are many telephone subscribers whose numbers are not to be found in the directory. They recognise the usefulness of the telephone, but they also have learnt that it can be a great nuisance, and they protect themselves by having their numbers kept secret.

Nearly every London solicitor is on the telephone, but many of them have their numbers concealed so that they shall not be bothered by trivial inquiries, their wire being reserved exclusively for the barristers whom they may brief.

Banks also fight shy of having their telephone numbers known, for they would be continually pestered by inquiries as to the credit of different customers. Each London bank, however, possesses a telephone, in order that it may communicate with other banks.

Many large business houses have no telephone at all, and others keep their number dark because every petty tradesman would be ringing them up to ask questions which could be answered in a moment by referring to their lists and circular letters, if he would only take the trouble to do so.

GETTING INFORMATION.

The man who wants to get on in any line of business, should endeavour to find out as much as possible concerning it; he must not rest content with what is actually shown to him. The man who gets on is generally he who is possessed of information about the business, which no one would have expected him to acquire. The quickest way to learn useful facts is to cultivate the habit of patiently listening to inveterate gossips.

The old lady who talks for hours about her pains and aches, has her counterpart in business life in the man who chatters all the lunch hour concerning the chief, the manager, fellow-clerks, rivals and other people whose doings concern you. The gossip generally gives point to his talk by choosing little anecdotes in which the people did not shine to advantage. You must make allowance for bias, and form your judgment accordingly, but listen to him all the same, for he is giving you information which may at any moment prove useful, and which you could otherwise only have acquired by years of experience.

When you want to get information, never allow the person you are pumping to suppose that you know as much as he does. A subject is broached, and personal vanity prompts you to make some remark showing intimate acquaintance with it. This is injudicious. Even the habitual talker will dry up, if he thinks you know all he is about to say; your game must be to keep your own counsel, pretend to be much surprised and entertained by his information, and thus gather from him all that may be gathered.

In business you should talk little but listen a lot. If you are known to be a good listener your company will be much sought after, for most people like to hear themselves talk better than anybody else, and consequently you will become a repository of useful knowledge.

ARGUING WITH YOUR BOSS.

It does not matter whether he is your employer or only a fellow employee who has been placed in authority over you; the principle is just the same. The man who argues with his boss over the execution of some piece of work may be merely anxious to show that he is thinking instead of acting in a mechanical fashion, but the impression he generally gives is essentially different from that. He makes his chief think that he is always trying to prove himself right at other people's expense.

Very often a chief is wrong, and his subordinate's way the best, but it does not pay the subordinate to prove this to him. Business is after all something like warfare, an army consisting of generals would be a hopeless organisation in the field, and so in business it is essential that certain men should have command.

In the course of your work it will frequently be necessary for you to obtain your chief's sanction or advice, and his verdict may be diametrically opposed to your own private opinion. Point out to him all the facts which he ought to know, before coming to a decision, and when you see that he realises the difficulties that you have in mind, your responsibility in the matter is ended. Whatever his decision may be accept it with good grace.

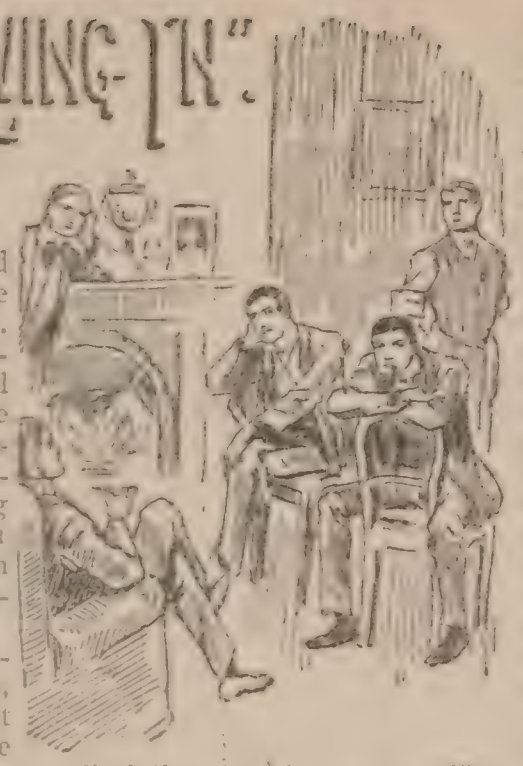
The assistant who persists in arguing after an order has been given him, comes in time to be regarded as a person who is unpleasant to work with. The man on the other hand who accepts his instructions with a good grace has acquired a valuable business asset. "Smith is not exceptionally clever," says the chief, "but he is very pleasant to work with, and I should not like to be without him."

Give your boss credit for knowing more about his business than you do, for in most cases he has the better of you in experience and ability.

Above all things never show your chief that events have shown that he was wrong and you were right. A chief, like anybody else, makes mistakes, and it is only human for him to resent their being pointed out. Moreover he is responsible and not you.

The Joys of "Living-In".

A DEFENCE OF A MUCH MALIGNED SYSTEM.



Many of the arguments used by paid agitators against the living-in system are mere bosh. And even the genuine disadvantages (so well advertised and loudly discussed) are usually accompanied by valuable compensations. Thousands of healthy-minded young men prefer the greater sociability of an indoor berth to the dull solitariness of lodgings.

Of course, there are restrictions in every business house, which are a bit irritating at times, but most of these are sensibly accepted as necessary to discipline by the vast majority of assistants.

In most cases nowadays the food provided is as wholesome and varied as men could afford to purchase in lodgings, provided they were paid ordinary current wages at living-out rates. The sleeping accommodation, though seldom luxurious, is usually healthy—and what does a normal young fellow want more?

GOOD-FELLOWSHIP.

It is, however, in social, literary, athletic and ...ering companionship that living in offers its ...ief advantages. Many a man would have ...gone early to the dogs had it not been for the ...mutual help and interest afforded by fellow ...ents after business hours. Many valuable, ...ally life-saving friendships have been ...ed as a result of social intercourse after ...; companionships which would never ...been formed had the parties concerned ...been living in apartments instead of being ...n together under one roof.

In a decent business establishment, compared with lodgings, life is happier because there is ... In the men's sitting-room, for in..., how much better it is to be able to sit ... the fire and have a comfortable smoke ... enjoy the evening paper or a ... book; or to join in a general discus..., rather than hie away off like a hermit to ... all away from all companionship in lodg...

In a ...ing business man, keen on getting ..., there is nothing more helpful nor more en... than a brisk exchange of views respect... the business or personal problems of him... and of his fellow-workers. He can learn ...times more in this way and in half the time ...n he can from books written in many cases by authors who are not very deeply experienced.

LEARNING THE BUSINESS.

All sorts of subjects get their turn of discussion in this way, but of course business, politics, and sport take the lead. Advice on present difficulties and future plans is freely asked and freely given. In many firms a library exists for the benefit of the studious young men and for those with a taste for fiction or general reading. Very often debating classes are formed and carried on through the winter months. This provides a great boon in many instances, providing an enormous stimulus to thought and intellectual advancement in addition to the increase of interest and higher enjoyment of life.

The effect on the mind and progress of a young man is very marked. It knocks out some of the conceit and knocks in a great deal of commonsense. There is nothing like plenty of the tree and easy companionship of business equals (and superiors) to teach a young fellow where he stands and whither he is moving.

Living in is conducive not only to robust manliness of mind, but also to vigour of body. It has the exact opposite effect to what is preached by the paid agitator. In practically every business establishment of any size there is either an athletic club or an association having similar aims. Even if there is no proper gymnasium there is usually at least one room where dumb-bells can be used, Indian clubs swung, boxing, fencing, and wrestling enjoyed.

Where no room can be entirely spared for such purposes, the sitting-room is used in some firms by being partly cleared of its furniture during part of the evening. This is, in the case of small establishments, an advantage in some respects, because lethargic fellows who might be constitutionally inclined to shun a set-apart gymnasium are thus almost forced to rouse up a personal interest in athletics.

Once this initial rousing is thoroughly done, the rest is easy. The naturally indolent often develop into the most keenly athletic and sometimes cleverest competitors. Such men, and those by nature more energetic as well, if out in lodgings, would probably spend their winter in a far less manly, healthy, and enjoyable way.

THE ALTERNATIVES.

They would most likely be spending too much time poring over books in solitary state at their "digs," acquiring new choruses at music-halls, or getting cheer-ups from their favourite barmaids. Everyone will agree that either of these pastimes can be easily overdone, and that the usual alternative of developing into a harmless noodle of the good-young-man-who-didn't-die type is scarcely an alternative to be recommended by the Modern Man.

Whatever the agitators may say, it is easier to become manly living in than out. Living in, by the varied and combined influence of others, brings out and develops your good points and eradicates or corrects your weak ones to a very great extent. The drone and the duffer in social or athletic activity get riciduled or rallied into self-determined improvement in double quick time. The process of mutual encouragement is so kindly that even the most peevish or sluggish dispositions become infected with enthusiasm for helping towards the general welfare, pleasure and animation of the staff.

RECREATIONS.

In addition to indoor amusements like cards, chess, draughts, convivial suppers, house parties, concerts and so on, outdoor sports are keenly indulged in.

Men who, lacking the stimulus of practically enforced companionship in the house, would otherwise neglect such recreations, take up various forms of sport and acquire a keen zest for them.

Cricket, football, hockey, skating, cycling, walking, rowing, swimming, and other manly pastimes are sports which are popular among the young men of nearly every business house of any importance. And a love for these masculine diversions is usually generated and maintained by the spirit of comradeship, which results from frequent social intercourse under the same roof.

M. C. Mogg.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR HOLIDAYS?

You are thinking about them now and are making your plans.

Do you want to know a farmer to put you up comfortably and cheaply?

Do you want to find a pal to accompany you on a cycling or walking tour?

Do you want to arrange an exchange visit with someone of your own age living in another part of the country?

You can do these things by a shilling advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange columns. See the third page of cover for all particulars.

THE LUST OF WORK.

'Tis work for work's sake that he's needing.—Browning.

Happy the man who has to earn his living, happier still the man who earns his daily bread in some congenial occupation, for then shall he know and enjoy the lust for work.

It is not a passion given to everyone. Many a born poet or artist eats his heart out in some city counting-house; many a Heaven-sent leader of men helplessly beats his wings within some narrow cage; many a man who knows within himself that he is capable of great things, is hopelessly kept down by force of unrelenting circumstance.

Work, we are told, was part of the primal curse laid on the Father of Mankind, but rather should I interpret that burden as uncongenial work, which, after all, is the lot of most men.

I do not say that the man who follows a distasteful calling never knows the lust of work. If you have ever had to get though some weary grind, to force yourself to perform a hateful task, by sheer strength of will to "keep at it," you know the delicious feeling of triumph, relief, and "thank goodness, it's done" that followed on achievement.

A fine feeling that, but not the true lust of work. Painters, authors, creative workers of all kinds, perhaps have the lust of work stronger in them than any other class, because they simply must work.

The fire is in them, and it must find vent, or burn them up.

The man who follows some uncongenial occupation goes wearily to it; he has to force himself to his daily task, but the man who loves his work rushes to it with both hands outstretched.

The one wakes, and thinks wearily of another day's toil; the other springs out of bed, thanking God for another day of life—and work.

He is all afire to be at his easel or desk; to seize his beloved violin or seat himself at the piano; to put himself at the head of his men, or to take the reins of business into his strong, right hand; to sharpen his tools, to roll up his sleeves, to plunge into the vortex, to use the powers that God has given him.

To such a man his happiest hours are spent at work. He is unconscious of the fleeting minutes, unconscious of himself, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in his work.

I remember once having the privilege of seeing a well-known portrait-painter at work. Like many portrait-painters he had the habit or custom of retreating from and advancing towards his easel, so as to judge the effects of his work from various distances.

At first his steps were slow, but as the sitting progressed the walk became a trot, the trot, so to speak, a canter, the canter a gallop, till finally he charged up and down the studio, seemingly hurling the paint on the canvas, tearing up and down the floor, lost, beside himself, almost demented, until an anguished protest from the sitter brought him to earth, bathed in perspiration, all trembling, exhausted by the lust of work, yet eager once more to taste its fierce joys.

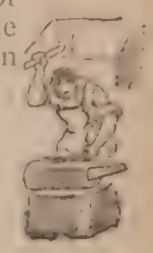
The manual labourer often enjoys the lust of work. That famous old song "The Village Blacksmith" gives a fine presentment of a man consumed by it.

The half-naked stoker shovelling away in the bowels of the great ironclad or liner feels the lust of work as he bends his sweating back and tightens his knotted muscles.

The man who knows it spares no pains.

Most Englishmen have it. That is why English-made goods are usually the best. The workman has taken a pride and a joy in his work. He has builded for posterity.

Happy, I say, the man who has to work and has work to do; but infinitely happier he whose work is also his hobby, for then shall he know all the joys of the lust of work, the eager joy of anticipation, the fierce joy of realisation, the quieter joy of retrospection, of looking back on a good day's work well done. J. R. Lamb.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

PHYSICAL DRILL.

I have referred before to the desirability of joining with one or more friends for purposes of physical culture, or becoming, if possible, a member of some existing club, for the added interest of competition will prevent your getting bored or slack in doing your exercises.

One of the advantages of thus combining is that it makes it possible for you to do certain exercises in the company of others in the form of drill.

If you are a member of the regular or auxiliary forces you will know how the fact of being one of a squad and under the eye of an instructor helps you to maintain a smartness and vigour in all your movements which you would probably never muster were you alone.

If you are not a trained soldier, it is time you learnt at least so much of discipline as physical drill can teach you.

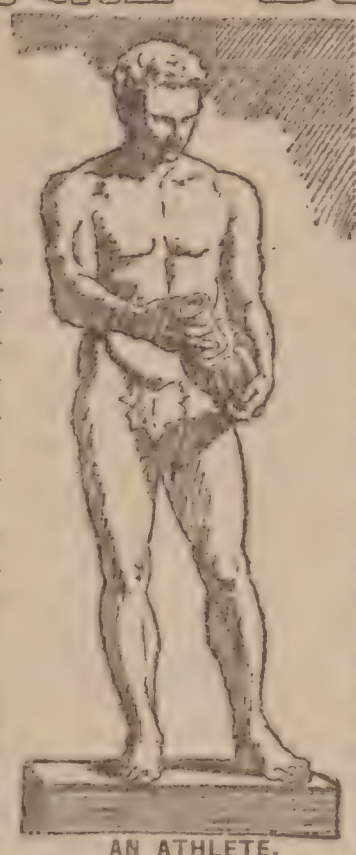
The Swedes, thanks largely to this sort of drill, are a splendidly developed race.

Perhaps you have no club handy. That need not deter you. You are sure to have some friends—other readers of THE MODERN MAN perhaps—who are keen on physical culture and will join you, and even if you cannot obtain the services of a qualified instructor, there is probably one among the number who is fitted by experience, age or physical development to take his place.

Get him to lead you, and learn to act on his orders and obey him loyally.

The quick action on a word of command will give each motion a smartness which will double its value in developing the muscles, and you will have no opportunities for shirking.

The amateur instructor will find all the exercises he needs for the instruction of his class on my page in this and past issues.

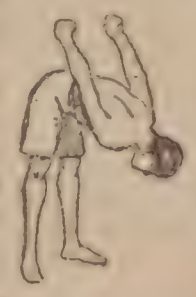


AN ATHLETE,
From the Statue in the Uffizi, Florence.

FOR ARM AND SHOULDER MUSCLES.

Plant the feet well apart and bend the body from the waist as far forward as possible without letting the knees give.

Now stretch the arms out behind you in the position shown in the sketch, twisting the clenched fists *inwards* until the thumbs are on the top, and the knuckles facing each other, the fingers being turned outwards.



A cure for round shoulders.

Tense all the arm muscles, and twist the arms slowly round so that the hands turn with the thumbs undermost through a complete circle, and back to the same position as before.

The elbows meanwhile will only turn through half a circle, so that the inside of the joints now face outwards instead of inwards.

Having twisted the arms completely round try to force the backs of the hands together.

Then rise to an upright position and straighten the back before repeating the exercise, which should be done about half-a-dozen times at a stretch.

Not only will the muscles of the upper and lower arms, and the wrists, be greatly benefited by these movements, but the exercise is an excellent one for curing round shoulders and developing the chest and back.

MUSCLE AND BRAIN.

You often hear the man who considers himself brainy, and who is, perhaps, a clever man, expressing a contempt for those who take any thought for the improving of their muscles and the development of their body generally.

"Think about the things that matter," he says, "and let your body take care of itself. The brain is superior to the muscles, for it directs them and without it they would be powerless."

But he forgets that the converse is equally true, and that the most perfect brain without a body, and without muscles to aid it, would not be of much use to any man.

Our whole knowledge of the outside world is conveyed to the brain by means of the muscles. The delicate organs of sense depend entirely on muscular activity to carry their impressions to the brain.

Without muscular movement the progress of mankind would be quite as impossible as without brains.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*"—a sound mind in a sound body—is the ideal motto for a man, but it is obvious which must come first.

This is a fact which is scarcely sufficiently realised in many schools, and which gives the justification for the compulsory games and gymnastics insisted on and so often decried at the Public Schools.

A child must be in good health before you can begin to work on its brain.

FOR LEGS, BACK AND ABDOMEN.

Stand upright at attention, place the hands on the hips, with the fingers to the front.

Then sink slowly on the heels, opening the knees well out to allow you to get down as far as possible.

Having taken up this position and made yourself as comfortable and firmly balanced as you can, bend forward slowly from the waist until the strain on your ankles prevents your going any farther.

An exercise that takes some doing.

Return the body slowly to position of the sketch, bending back as far as you can without losing your balance. This can only be done by forcing the thumbs and palms of the hands into the small of the back so as to bring it forward as the shoulders go back.

Then repeat the process of bending forward, going through the exercise five or six times before leaving the squatting position to rise slowly to the perpendicular, when the hands drop smartly to the sides and the body is braced up to attention before you "fall out," or start in on the next exercise.

SHOULD CULTURISTS SMOKE?

You will often hear it said that it is inconsistent to go in for physical culture and yet to smoke.

Personally I cannot agree with this. No doubt it is best to avoid tobacco altogether, and you will be the healthier for keeping clear of it.

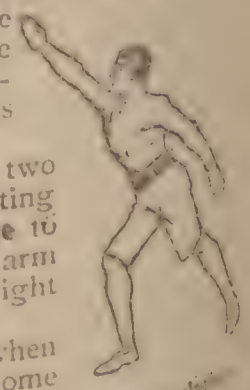
But the injurious effects of smoking are much overrated. The golden rule is to stick to pipes and eschew cigarettes, and, of course, to avoid excess in whatever you smoke.

Provided that you never get so dependent on your weed that you cannot give it up during periods of special training, and that you do not smoke immediately before meals, or before or after violent exercise, a moderate allowance of tobacco can do you no harm.

FOR LEGS AND LUNGS.

Start at attention and lunge smartly to the right, carrying the right foot well away from the other, as in the sketch.

At the same time throw up the right hand with the palm open and the arm straight, so that it is practically in line with the left leg, while the left arm is thrown backwards, also unbent, as far as it will go.



A fine circulation restorer.

After pausing a second or two return sharply to the starting position and repeat the lunge to the left, throwing up the left arm this time and keeping the right behind you.

Great care must be taken when lunging not to let the body come too far forward, and the head and shoulders must be kept well back.

This can be effected to a great extent by always fixing the eyes on the hand that is raised and never looking at the ground throughout the exercise.

This will be found a most effective means of acquiring grace and precision of movement, and shoulders, chest and legs will especially benefit.

SUGGESTIONS.

As I have stated before, I am always glad to receive suggestions from my readers as to subjects with which they wish me to deal on this page, or for any improvements which may occur to them.

Many readers have already written asking me for exercises for the correction of various ailments and defects, and I have done my best to deal with them as well as the limited space at my disposal has allowed me.

If, therefore, any subject occurs to you which is likely to be of sufficient interest to your fellow readers to warrant my dealing with it in these columns, just drop me a line, and you shall have my views in as early a number as possible.

STYLE IN WALKING.

Hitherto the style of walking most beloved of our young men of fashion has been a rather curious and not a very sightly one. The men most envied by all other young men are the alumni of our Universities, and it is [illegible] natural that those who have not been fortunate to have a University education should endeavour to copy the manners of those who have, and amongst the most noticeable things copied has been the walk.

In every town there are a few dashing young men who set the mode for all others; so it is in Universities, where almost invariably the correct thing is that practised by the rowing section of the undergraduates. Notoriously the best rowing men come from Eton, bring with them to the University a modified form of the Eton slouch, hence we have become accustomed to see at Oxford and Cambridge the undergraduate walking along with his shoulders and his hands in his pockets; the rowing man, walking so, set the fashion, and the others copied it.

But times have changed. Nowhere has the Territorial movement been more keenly taken up than at Universities, and the dashing young men have promptly offered their services to the Officers' Training Corps. Hence we find the fashionable walk at the Universities, and consequently in the cities, to be a military swing, up carriage, with the shoulders squared, chest out and the waist in.

The improvement is to be commended from every point of view. For one thing it looks better, but I like it chiefly because it is better for the health. A man who walks naturally takes some pride in his appearance, and that pride is the forerunner of a desire for physical improvement, which of course is most readily obtained by physical culture.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STEPS.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

X. THE SPUR OF AMBITION.

[illegible] is a useful asset, [illegible] is something that [illegible] for romance in putting [illegible] or otherwise of fate [illegible]. And, let the cynics deny it as they [illegible] sees little value in life except through [illegible]les of romance.

Richard Selby would have lived and died a [illegible] had not the adventurous spirit [illegible] strong in him. Life, to him, was not a journey to be loafed through, with groans and lamentations that it had not been made easier for him. His was the character to master environment, and difficulties he welcomed as toughening his mental muscles.

With his invention, ideas that he had cherished for [illegible] became determination [illegible] of putting them into action loomed [illegible]. But as yet he spoke nothing of them, [illegible] when Mr. Hezekiah Guest tried to draw [illegible] good-natured taunts.

[illegible] dissatisfaction," he ob[illegible] an' it's allays the same when [illegible] quick. Fust 'is feet swell, [illegible] the next thing 'e busts."

[illegible] faintly tinctured with [illegible] that Richard had made terms [illegible] invention had been an eye-opener. [illegible] majority of self-made men, Guest had [illegible] conception of the value of money, and [illegible] his way of making it was good [illegible] for all time. Moreover, he expressed the [illegible] conviction that any invention of an employee of his should rightly be for his benefit. With telling brevity Richard had insisted upon exactly the contrary view, going on calmly to explain the conditions upon which Guest might have a share in the profit of the invention. Richard never descended to the weakness of threats, but, without quite understanding how [illegible] impression was conveyed, Guest realised [illegible] manufacturers in the [illegible] would jump at the opportunity of [illegible] Richard's terms. And it was his confidence in the value of the invention that made [illegible] rather than a proper appreciation in the end.

[illegible] result was an addition to the works of a [illegible] shop for the production of chain by [illegible] special method, over which Richard [illegible] charge. The profits accruing from [illegible] were to be divided equally between him Guest.

An' mind yer," said Guest, when the depart[illegible] was in full swing, "I've sunk a 'underd or [illegible] you'r brains an' I expect to see a 'underd [illegible] return."

[illegible] you don't lose by it," said Richard [illegible] had no fear that he would. His [illegible] difficulty of possessing no capital was [illegible] overcome. Content that Guest should [illegible] his patent, he had yet taken care that [illegible] right of it belonged unconditionally to [illegible]

[illegible] had so far gone but half-way with his idea. [illegible] machine would only produce certain [illegible] of chain, but once let him improve on it so [illegible] all sizes could be handled, and then—— [illegible] there would be time enough for a good [illegible] when he had accumulated money [illegible] of his own to work with.

And to this end, consistently and without any demonstration, Richard worked.

II.

"What are you doing up there?" came a voice, the clear, silvery accents of a voice he was never likely to forget.

"Lord!" said Richard, startled into an exclamation.

Then he looked down. Then at the picture of an uplifted face, which also he was never likely to forget. He nearly slipped off the branch where he was comfortably seated.

Literally and figuratively he was up a tree. In a sudden perspiration of embarrassment he remembered that if ever a man looks inelegant it is when he is slithering down a tree trunk.

So, because of this and perhaps because of his altitude, he added airily:

"I like being up here."

"Come down!" commanded Miss Lyons.

There was no help for it.

He peered down through the leaves and saw with some relief that Lightning, who was springing about in a delirium of welcoming recognition, had claimed her momentary attention.

With dangerous speed Richard swung himself down and endeavoured to hide the discomfort by dusting his clothes industriously.

Still half stooping to caress the dog, she looked up and said again:

"What were you doing up there?"

Richard gazed up at the tree as if expecting to read an answer on its branches. Then he looked at her, and the voyaging of his eyes stopped.

A year had gone by since he had spoken to her before; but she was just the same. Still slim and erect, with clothes of bewildering daintiness and the tilt of the head that spoke of such brave pride. But this time there was a glimmer of amusement in the eyes.

"The view," he said, as she patiently and with an expression of relentless command waited for his answer, "the view from up there is grand."

"Is it?" she said, and also glanced up as if for confirmation. "How far can you see?"

"To your home," said Richard, feeling that at any rate those fearless eyes demanded frankness.

"And do you still come here poaching?" she asked. Despite the attempted reproof Richard felt the undercurrent of mischief.

"Yes," he said brazenly.

"One of these days," she warned him, "you'll get caught."

"It's an excuse for being here if I am," said Richard, and it was not till she quickly turned her attention to Lightning again that he realised he had said something bolder still.

Mentally setting his teeth, he stumbled on.

"A good deal has happened since that wonder—since that morning I saw you," he said.

She raised her eyebrows just a trifle.

"I've been getting on," he said, quite expecting that she would laugh at him.

And smile she did, but at his seriousness, and somehow he did not mind.

"You want to get on, then?" she said. It was playing with fire, but what girl would resist it because of that?

"Yes," said Richard, and there was that in his voice which startled both of them.

"Don't go," he pleaded, feeling intensely there were a hundred things he must tell her first. "You've been coming to Moulden sometimes, haven't you?" A pause and a deep breath. "I was glad somehow. Anyone like you—makes a difference in their lives."

"If it does I'm glad, too," she said simply. The way his voice had lingered on the word "You" was reverential.

Then with mutual lightness they laughed.

She looked up at the tree again.

"I believe you were bird's-nesting," she said. "There always used to be a dove's nest up there."

"How d'you know?" he asked.

"I've often been up myself," she answered retrospectively, then hurriedly: "But not for years and years."

"Of course not," said Richard solemnly.

"If you were," she said, continuing her supposition, "it was very cruel."

"Yes," agreed Richard, "but I wasn't. I really went up there to think."

She looked at him quaintly.

"Do you have to climb to the top of a tree for that?"

"Sometimes," he confessed with an audacious smile. "If you'll let me I'd like to tell you what I was thinking."

"Yes; do," she said without a particle of embarrassment.

In a silence that neither noticed, Richard gazed at her. How frank and unaffected she was! Sweet and fresh as a Spring morning! A very child; yet in some mystical way, a woman.

And at that moment entered into the heart of Richard Selby the rarest thing in the world—the spirit of humility.

He put his hand into his pocket and brought out a letter. Half-hesitatingly he offered it to her. She took it from him and read it.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand it," she said; but she still held the letter.

With a sudden knowledge that he had pulses and a heart, Richard went closer and stood by her shoulder as he explained its contents.

All around them was the luxuriant fulness of summer. Birds were singing, the air was warm, and they stood there shaded by the green tree; the English girl, embodying in her white slimness every gift of race and distinction, and the natural uncultured youth.

"Those names at the bottom of the letter," said Richard, "are the signatures of most of the chain-makers in Moulden. Some time ago I managed to find out how to make chain cheaper than they can. They didn't take much notice at first—thought it was a cranky idea—but of course when they found they were losing business they began to believe in it."

"Yes," she said, interested more perhaps by what he left unsaid.

"Now, you see, they've called a meeting for to-morrow night to talk it over with Mr. Guest—that's the man I work for, you know—and me."

"To try and stop you?" she asked.

"Yes; I expect they'll want us to stick to the old methods, or perhaps offer to buy the patent outright."

"But you wouldn't sell," she said confidently.

"No," said Richard, "I wouldn't sell."

"You've made up your mind what to do," she said, and Richard saw that it was an assertion and not a question. She seemed to read him through and through.

"Yes," he said, his eyes fixed on her face.

"And I think you'll win," she said.

Then she bade him good-bye, so abruptly that he was left with a tongue trying to say half-a-dozen things at once.

III.

"Y'know, this is yo'r funeral," said Guest grimly, as he and Richard were on their way to the meeting. "I told yo' afore'and yo'd 'ave everybody in the blamed district agen y' over this new-fangled notion, an' it don't suit me to fall foul on all the men as I've grown up wi'. I don't back yer in a fight, so yo' may as well know."

"Righto," said Richard indifferently.

The reason of this grumbling, as he well knew, was that Guest had been roundly abused by all his friends for encouraging an innovation

that, according to them, threatened the trade of the district.

As a result Guest had declared his intention to keep an open mind until he knew the full significance of the meeting. It had been arranged without his knowledge, and he had been accustomed to taking a prominent part in all matters concerning the trade. Hence this cold-shouldering business, as he termed it, rankled in his mind, and he felt that in supporting Richard he had lost prestige.

Richard had received all his remarks with unruffled serenity, and also, to Guest's disgust, he had kept his plan of action to himself.

It was for the most part a rough, hard-visaged gathering of men whom Richard found waiting for him in a private room at the George Hotel, men who were unused to concealment of feeling or to bridling their tongues. His reception was the silence of hostility.

Derwood, a notable exception in black coat and spotless linen, was in the chair, and his were the first eyes that Richard encountered as he entered the room.

Richard stood erect, gazing at him absorbedly. No indication of his thoughts could be read in his face, but the thin lips of Derwood tightened, and he shifted his glance.

Richard took the seat that had been placed so that he was facing a semi-circle of men, most of whom had been in the chain trade before he was born. It was a cleverly calculated trick on Derwood's part to make him ill at ease, but it failed in its purpose.

Ringing in Richard's mind was the voice that had told him he would win. Faith such as that removed all fears from him, so he crossed his legs and waited for them to open the firing.

Derwood got to his feet and began a speech in the style of a man oppressed with the gravity of the occasion.

Studiously polite as he was, the essence of the discourse was that he and his colleagues were determined to combat the attempt to revolutionise the ruling method of chain-production. Divers exclamations of assent came from the others as he spoke. Guest, a little apart, sat upright in his chair, grimly impartial.

Derwood concluded his speech by calling on Richard, in loyalty to the trade, to "scrap" his invention. Then he sat down and waited for Richard. He didn't have to wait long.

"Get up again," said Richard tersely, "and talk sense."

There was a good deal of muttering among the men and a volley of glares. Mr. Guest began to enjoy himself. An impalpable excitement in the atmosphere thrilled his nerves.

Derwood rose, a spot of colour in each cheek.

"If you are content to transform the whole conditions of the trade and alienate yourself——"

"Won't wash," put in Richard. "This is business, so cut the preaching part of it."

"We're prepared to offer you £500 for your patent, and to undertake that none of us shall use it."

"No," said Richard at the next second.

Derwood looked round and received a few nods. "A thousand."

"No; nor fifty thousand," said Richard cuttingly.

Guest scraped his chair round and stared at him. In complete silence every pair of eyes in the room did the same.

"And what about your employer?" sneered Derwood, who had gone livid.

Guest jerked round to look at him.

"Hell!" was all he said, using an aspirate for once, and then he turned to Richard again.

"I'm waiting for your threat," said Richard calmly.

"And you'll have it," spat out Derwood. "We shall undersell you, whatever we lose, and we'll see who can last longest, you and that renegade boss of yours, or——"

"Renegade! By——" Guest sprang up, and stood, his fists doubled, quivering with rage. His glittering eyes travelled slowly round. Not one of the countenances opposite weakened. If he stood by Richard they were all against him. His rage became hesitation. He looked at Richard and then, as if his composure had shamed him, he sat down again.

"Ready for my say?" asked Richard calmly. "Right! You want to know what I'm going to do with my machines. Whether I'll scrap 'em for love or money? If I don't you'll fight."

He gazed round. Everybody was watching him. The calm strength of his face compelled their attention. Only his eyes betrayed his feelings.

"There won't be much of a fight," he went on, "because you've got sense, most of you, when that rat Derwood's out of the way. It's never struck you, I suppose, that he's got some purpose in weakening your bank balances. He means to get the whole limit of the chain trade under his control if he can."

Derwood bared his teeth in a smile as the gaze of all was deflected on him.

"That's utter nonsense," he said, cleverly keeping his temper.

"But it isn't Derwood I'm concerned with," continued Richard. "Nor will you be for long. I'll tell you quick enough what I'm going to hire 'em do with my machines. I'm going to hire 'em out to you."

Above the uproar he heard Guest's ejaculation "Shakes!" and the slap of his hand on his knee.

Richard got up, spun his chair round, and gripped the back with both hands.

"Have 'em or leave 'em!" he said, the tang of defiance in his voice. "But you'll all have to use 'em in the end. Terms'll be equal to everybody—with one exception. That's Derwood and his partner Thorn. They'll pay double."

He strode to the door, and turned for another look at their dumbfounded faces.

"You can come and ask for the terms after you've talked it over," he said.

Guest followed him, chuckling in his beard.

[Another of these stories will appear next week.—Ed.]

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

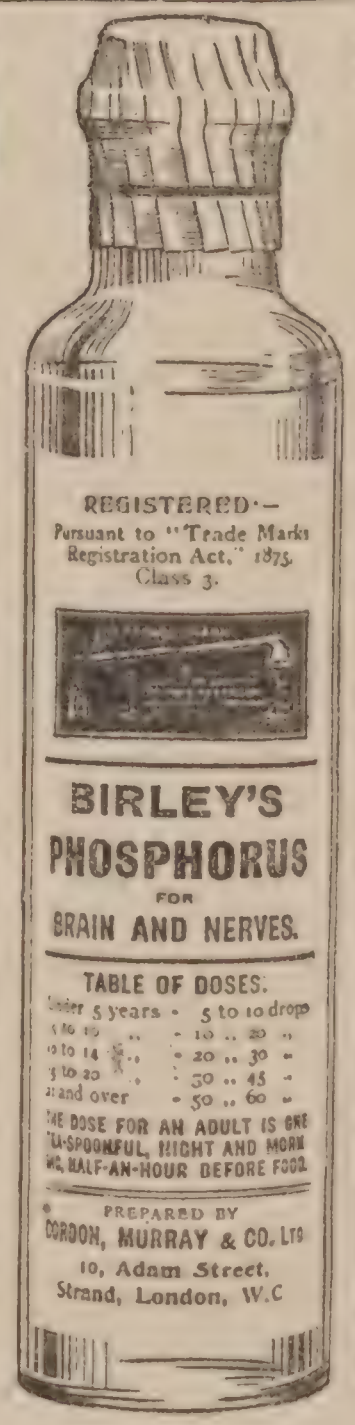
Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, *properly* administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those *vague and undefined nervous conditions* (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

ALL CHEMISTS, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.


REGISTERED—
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875.
Class 3.
BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORN ING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. Ltd
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C

THIS BOTTLE FREE

SEND THIS COUPON D. N. 6 To GORDON MURRAY and CO., Ltd.,

10, Adam Street, London, W.C., with penny postage, packing, and dispatch, for a Free Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated. Allow a week for delivery. Only one bottle supplied to each person. Applications from abroad must be accompanied by 1/- to cover cost of postage. Trial Bottle cannot be sent abroad.

A Man in Making.

THE HISTORY OF A DEVELOPMENT.

He was cold, miserable, and very, very hungry. His parents, foolish, criminally foolish in their generation, had preferred to see him wearing a stick-up collar and to have him bringing in a few shillings a week, especially the latter, to apprenticing him to a useful trade. As office boy he had drifted from one house to another, learning nothing, caring nothing, and now he was adrift, hopelessly adrift.

He stared half-curiously, half-idly at the gay cavalry recruiting poster that hung on the railings by Trafalgar Square.

Years ago he had longed to be a soldier, but his parents were of the sort that had nothing too bad to say for Tommy Atkins in time of peace, nothing too good to say of him when the guns began to shoot," and there had been no great war since he was a boy.

He stared at the poster again, and wondered whether, if he enlisted, he could by any chance become like the smart, splendid, upstanding fellows depicted there.

No, the thing was impossible. The poster lied; there were no men so fine as that. Anyway, it was too late; he wasn't fit for food for powder, he wasn't fit for anything.

IN DOUBT.

Certainly he looked pretty useless, with his limbs, his pinched face, his hangdog [illegible] smart recruiting sergeant who had [illegible] eyeing him all the time had noted [illegible] flat thighs, his slim form, and quick, [illegible] hands, and he intercepted the youth as he turned away.

The derelict listened doubtfully; he more than suspected that discipline in the Army was hard, and he had never had any discipline worth the [illegible] He was hungry, desperately hungry; [illegible] spark of the old martial long- [illegible] to the recruiter. To elucidate the matter he led the [illegible] "Could you ever make [illegible] as hard as [illegible] to the recruiter, looking [illegible] could in the eyes, and point- [illegible] and [illegible] splendid figures.

[illegible] better, me lad," said the [illegible] with the help of me and Gawd you [illegible] be as fine a man as me," he [illegible] courteously, having a comfortable opinion [illegible].

MEDITATION AND HUNGER.

In his heart of hearts the youth did not believe him. He did not trouble about the recruiter, who was older than the soldiers there depicted, but the poster still held his attention. He was sure it was a lie; there were no men so fine at that. However, he was damnably hungry.

They sent him to the depôt, where he endured much tribulation. He stuck it, partly because he had none to run away to, partly because for the first time in his life he had a full belly. He was the weediest of the recruits, and the old hands and the new let him know it. He showed little or no resentment; he felt himself a worm, and he was.

But unconsciously he was growing; his chest was expanding, his muscles developing and tautening, his back straightening, his skin, mental and physical, hardening. He did not know it.

They did not give him much time for thinking, but now and again his thoughts drifted back to the poster and Trafalgar Square.

The recruiting sergeant had lied, so had the poster; he could never be like the men in it; he had as yet seen none like them, for though he had eyes to see, he did not yet know a man when he saw one.

ALIVE IN A MOMENT.

He was drafted to his regiment at a home station, and again he knew tribulation. He was often tempted to "chuck it"; it seemed hopeless trying to grow into a man, but he held on.

Then came a day when he took part in a great review at Aldershot.

"Walk, Trot, Gallop, Char-r-ge!" He had done it before, but this might have been the first time. Formerly he had rather funked the mad charge, he had feared a peck, and seen himself under the flying horses' iron-shod hoofs.

Now he rejoiced in the delirium of the moment. His seat was strong yet easy, his hand firm but light, he was part of his horse, his horse part of him, and as he thundered across the plain, up and over the famous "piano" jump, something seemed to snap in his brain, life was all changed, he saw men and things differently.

He saw that it was not the uniform, but the man in it that counted. He saw many things hitherto hidden from him.

But he had yet to see himself.

THE FINISHED PICTURE.

That evening he was walking down the street when he caught sight of himself in a mirror in a shop-window. Regardless of passers-by he stopped and stared into the mirror.

It was the first time he had really seen himself since he had joined, for a Tommy's looking-glass allows him to see himself only, so to speak, in sections. Moreover, he had never cared to study his looks; he was such a worm.

At first, he thought the mirror must be playing him some trick. That smart young fellow with the broad chest, the lean, sinewy flanks, the clean-shaven, clear-eyed, bronzed face, on which the strength of manhood was already setting—could that be the once puling office-boy, the homeless outcast of the streets. It was.

His thoughts flew back once more to the Trafalgar Square poster. He saw it clearly in his mind's eye. He looked from it to the mirror, and then back again at the poster.

"Good Lord," he said, "the poster ain't half good enough for *us*."

Then he walked on with a swagger worthy of a heavy dragoon riding-master.

F. K. LUPTON.

MAXIM'S LEATHER MEDAL.

The only medal Sir Hiram Maxim ever received for anything connected with book-learning is a leather one, and it came into his possession in this wise.

It was the day before the holidays, and the teacher announced that she would present a handsome writing-case to the best scholar. After the usual speechification and unnecessary suspense, this prize was handed to Hiram's younger sister.

"Now," said the teacher, "I am going to hand a leather medal to the most stupid scholar in the whole school."

There was a boy with two thumbs and a great thickness of cranium, and Hiram felt certain that he must be the one the teacher meant. But no.

"The recipient of this prize," continued the teacher, "will be Hiram Maxim."

And Sir Hiram keeps it to show to interviewers and other people who are silly enough to try to flatter him.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL
PACKED FREE. CARRIAGE PAID.
MEAD Coventry Cycles
Warranted Fifteen Years. Puncture-Proof or Dunlop Tyres; Coasters, Speed Gears; latest improvements, &c.
From £2. 15s. CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.
500 Shop-soiled and Second-hand Cycles from 15/-
Write for Free Art Catalogue and Special Offer on Sample Machine Agents wanted at once.
Established 27 years.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 579 A
11, Paradise Street, LIVERPOOL.

Oatine

When the face tingles and burns after shaving, OATINE immediately soothes the irritated skin and relieves all tenderness.

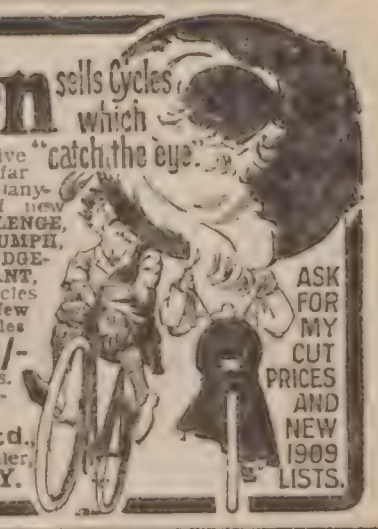
A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 5d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations, and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO.,
79a, Denman Street, LONDON, S.E.

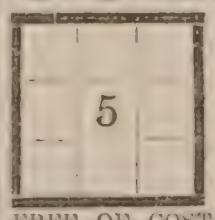
O'Brien sells Cycles which "catch the eye."

I save you POUNDS, give longer credit, and offer far easier payment terms than any-one else. Thousands of new SWIFT, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, HUMBER, ROVER, TRIUMPH, PREMIER, PROGRESS, RUDGE-WHITWORTH, QUADRANT, CENTAUR and SINGER cycles always in stock. Brand New High-grade Coventry Cycles from £3 10s. cash, or 5/- monthly
Guaranteed for 12 years. Sent on approval; immediate delivery.
EDWARD O'BRIEN, Ltd.,
World's Largest Cycle Dealer,
DEPT. 214, COVENTRY.



ASK FOR MY CUT PRICES AND NEW 1909 LISTS.

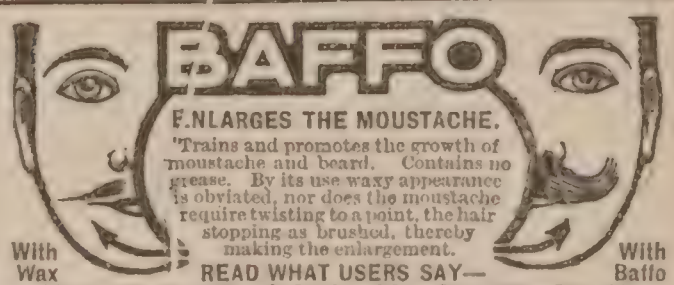
A REAL LEVER SIMULATION
GOLD WATCH FREE.



In the centre of the diagram you see a fig. 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares so that the columns add 15 up and down, across, and from corner to corner. If correct, and you comply with the simple condition we shall send you, A HANDSOME WATCH (guaranteed 10 years) will be sent you ENTIRELY FREE OF COST. Send your answer NOW, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Imperial Supply Co. (Dept. 20), 42, Junction Rd., London, N.

BAFFO



ENLARGES THE MOUSTACHE.
Trains and promotes the growth of moustache and beard. Contains no grease. By its use waxy appearance is obviated, nor does the moustache require twisting to a point, the hair stopping as brushed, thereby making the enlargement.
With Wax — With Baffo

READ WHAT USERS SAY—

Aldwych Theatre, Strand, London W.C., Jan. 18/09. Dear Sirs,—Kindly send me two shilling tins of "Baffo." I am highly pleased with the preparation, and find it very useful. It is quite the best thing I have ever used (I have tried a good many things too). Wishing you every success.—Yours truly, J. MAJOR WARD (Acting Manager).

The Empire, Edmonton, London. Dear Sirs,—I am just writing to tell you how pleased I am with your "Baffo." I have used this now for some years, and I can truthfully say that it is, without doubt, the best moustache fixer on the market. Wishing you the success you certainly deserve.—Faithfully yours, H. BAWN (Managing Director)

Dundee. Gentlemen,—Kindly send me as soon as possible one 1s. tin of your "Baffo." It is the best preparation I have ever used for the moustache; it stands the wet and keeps the moustache in position much longer than any other.—Yours truly, W. G.

Of all Hairdressers, etc., or 1s. P.O. to
The Nottingham Perfumery Co.,
Dept. M.M., 37, Goose Gate, Nottingham.
Foreign Orders, 1s. 4d.

GOLF'S PECULIAR CHARM

IN WHAT DOES IT CONSIST?

"The chief attraction about golf," said Dr. Macnamara on a certain memorable occasion, "is the provocation of it." But in the course of another speech he took the matter more seriously, and gave the game a striking testimonial.

He explained that when he was forty years of age he found himself pretty well worn out. But just as he was beginning to think his public career must end, somebody induced him to join a golf club. Nearly every morning since then he has been over a course of three miles in length, and he confesses that he is now stronger than ever he was, and is able to do more and better work.

The claims of golf as an exercise are not sufficiently recognised. In a well played round there is no muscle in the whole body that is not thoroughly exercised. Take a case in point. Let us suppose that a player takes three hours to his game, and in that time makes ninety strokes. If we allow sixty of these for short approaches and putting, we still have left thirty which will be full shots, delivered with all the strength of the player's every muscle. That means that on an average the golfer is exerting his full force once in each six minutes, an average which compares very favourably with most games.

GOLF AND CHARACTER.

This aspect of golf could not have been brought to the notice of Sir T. Clifford Allbutt, professor of physics at Cambridge University, when he declared that a law ought to be passed forbidding any man to play golf till he reached the age of thirty-five. He based this theory on the assertion that golf was not as useful as cricket or football in making muscle or training character.

But the man who is naturally selfish is hardly likely to be cured of it by any game, but, if there is any sportsmanship or chivalry in him at all, golf will develop these qualities as well as any other game, and better than many. Mr. A. J. Balfour has always contended that golf is just as good a game for a young man as for those of middle life.

"Golf is emphatically a game for young people," he once said. "Unless you begin it when young, you will never know the full glory of it. The idea that people should play nothing but cricket till thirty-five, and then, after ten years' meditation, begin a golf career as a solace to their old age, is a profound mistake."

THE CARDINAL'S TEMPER.

Another reason why young men should play golf is this. Very few men play football or cricket after they have reached their thirty-fifth year, so that the young man who takes up golf is cultivating a game that he can enjoy practically till the end of his days, a thing that can be said of few other sports.

The mental discipline of golf has received a warm tribute from the Pope's secretary, Cardinal Merry del Val. Two days a week he plays over a private course, and he confessed on one occasion that it was largely owing to this exercise that he managed to preserve his equanimity in spite of the many worries of his official position.

"I am the possessor of a hot Latin temper," he said, "but the fact that I am a golfer enables me to keep it always under control."

Then, again, there is the social aspect of the game. Between strokes you can have a chat with your friends, or even negotiate an important business deal. "For gregarious individuals who love a jaw with a genial companion," Mr. Silas K. Hocking once remarked, "I know of nothing to compare with a game of golf."

Max Beerbohm has branded golf as "the most perfect expression of national stupidity," a statement founded no doubt on the apparent lack of proportion between the ball and the implements used for propelling it. That six or eight iron-shod clubs should be needed to drive a two-ounce ball, doubtless seems absurd to the uninitiated critic, and he may claim that the handle of a walking stick would do just as well. There have been occasions when he has even made the experiment, with extraordinary success. But even the golfer himself will sometimes get better results in a one-club round than when he is playing with the full assortment of implements.

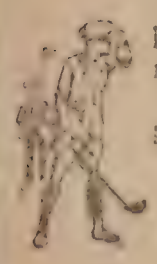
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE GAME.

This is but another of golf's many charms, its glorious uncertainty. You can never be sure that you will play up to your usual form, no matter how skilful and practised you may be. Hence golf is one long wooing of success, the jade who smiles and frowns alternately, and who seems all the more desirable because she does so.

Even the duffer, the man who knows beforehand that he will miss the easiest of putts and foozle his tee shots, finds a keen joy on the links, for he is filled with the delicious anticipation of that passable shot which will nerve him with a glorious exultation.

To young and old, therefore, to expert and novice, golf has much to offer.

THOMAS CRAWFORD.



A DOG'S TEETH.

Dogs are generally the happy possessors of teeth which in their ivory whiteness are the envy of the dog's owner; still it is by no means rare for one to find a dog with decayed teeth, and the writer once possessed a fox terrier which had to be destroyed because of the agony it was enduring from toothache.

As a general rule, dogs are their own doctors in the matter of teeth; they gnaw hard substances which keep their teeth clean, and of course they have inherited a perfect set of ivories in common with most other animals. All the same it is worth looking from time to time at your dog's teeth. If you find upon them the slightest suggestion of brown, you ought to take precautions that the harm goes no farther. A dog's teeth should be ivory white all the way up.

When you find the dog's teeth affected in this way, knock off his soft food for a time and put him on hard biscuits, give him bones to gnaw, and, if you have the time, let him have a game at catching the end of a rope as you swing it about. The great thing is to give the teeth something to do so that they will be cleaned in a natural manner. Cases are on record where old maids have cleaned their dog's teeth with a tooth brush and powder, but that is not the sort of thing a man wants to play at.

SMITH ON DOGS.

"Good morning, Smith," said Jones, "that's a beautiful dog you've got with you, quite a change from that funny looking object I saw you with about a month ago." "Ah!" replied Smith, "that's where you make a mistake. It is the same dog, the only difference is he has had a change of diet. I have given up feeding him in the old-fashioned way and tried Molassine Dog Cakes. From the poor, miserable object you knew he has developed into the fine animal he is to-day. This is entirely through feeding him on these wonderful Cakes, and he won't eat anything else now. They keep him in perfect health, free from worms, and as you see, his coat is glossy and clean. Why don't you try them for your dog? You can get them from the Molassine Co., Ltd., 1, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E."—ADVT.

THE EMPIRE OF THE EYE.

The company promoter who has [illegible] face and benevolent side whisker[illegible] likely to carry out his scheme[illegible] a man who possesses none of [illegible] the eye.

The adulterator of food invariably appeals [illegible] the eye. He bleaches his flour and his sugar, not because the purer article is whiter, but because his inferior product is thus made more attractive on our breakfast table. The cotton merchant weaves his [illegible] flannelette to resemble wool as nearly as possible, not because cotton is warmer in the wear, but because it appeals to our visual sense.

The tyranny of the eye extends to the [illegible] of dress. Men wear uncomfortable [illegible] and neck-racking high collars.

We hear much of the tyranny of wealth, but who shall relieve us from this self-imposed slavery which lies within ourselves.

A £500 INSURANCE

Registered and good for a year.

The Proprietors of "THE MODERN MAN" have entered into an arrangement with the

GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE Assurance Corporation, Ltd.,

whereby any reader over 14 years of age may secure an Insurance for

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS

payable, subject to the terms and conditions of the Policy of Insurance, to the next-of-kin of the holder if he shall be killed by an accident to any RAILWAY, STEAMBOAT, OMNIBUS, TRAMCAR, or CAB within the United Kingdom or the Channel Islands by which the holder is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger or the holder of a free pass.

The Insurance will hold good for one year from the date it bears and will be dispatched on receipt of the subjoined Application Form, filled in with the name, address, and occupation of the Applicant, accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d. and an addressed envelope.

No person may hold more than one of these insurances in respect of the publication in which this announcement appears.

Fire, Burglary and Larceny and Domestic Servants Insurance.

IN ONE POLICY FOR ONE PREMIUM AT LOW RATES.

NOTE.—Being Independent of all Tariff Combinations, this Corporation's Policies are free of all vexatious restrictions and conditions.

ASSETS - - Over £1,500,000.

Chief Offices:
GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH; and
9 and 10, KING ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

THE MODERN MAN.

Form of Application for £500 Insurance

To be detached at dotted line and forwarded [illegible]

GENERAL
Accident Fire and Life
ASSURANCE CORPORATION Limited
General Buildings, Perth, [illegible]

I request you to forward to me, in the addressed envelope, the Insurance [illegible] and to register my name as below, as [illegible] such Insurance, for which purpose I [illegible] Postal Order for 6d.

Full Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation.....

Date.....

Postal Orders should be made payable to "The Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation Limited," and crossed [illegible]

Please Write Plainly.

BARGAINS FOR BOOKLOVERS

ON THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY'S UNIQUE SYSTEM.

THE FOUR MASTERS.

Shakespeare. Dickens.
Scott. Thackeray.

The Caxton Publishing Company begs to call attention to its fine editions of these four authors, and to the very easy terms on which they are offered to the public. These are the writers of whose books one must read all, and not fragmentary examples; the authors of whom the real reader buys "an edition," and not stray volumes. The editions issued by the Caxton Publishing Company are respectively:

The Windsor Shakespeare.
The Melrose Waverley.
The London Dickens.
The London Thackeray.

The four beautiful and serviceable editions possess distinctive features — standard biographies of the authors, specially written introductions, notes, and editorial arrangements generally, which serve to mark them as the best for constant use by literary people, and the most practical for the general reader. And in each case the illustrations are unique, and give to the books a value not possessed by any other edition now before the public.

(See form at foot of this page.)

The ILLUSTRATED CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

1908 Edition.
Delivered for First Payment, 2/6 only.

Ten handsome half-leather volumes, 200,000 subjects, with cross references, 8,000 pages, written by 1,000 contributors of world-wide distinction, 50 coloured maps, and 60 coloured plates, the finest ever produced in connection with any work of reference. 5,000 fine biographies are included.

Knowledge is increasing in so many different directions, that the busy man is coming to depend more and more upon a good Encyclopædia in which he can turn up, without an instant's loss of time, all that is known upon any subject he is interested in.

In "The Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia" (1908 Edition) the articles are signed articles—a tremendous advantage to the man who wants to know whom he is quoting.

Every subject is fully dealt with. In the case of the political and sociological matter, the information here embodied is not otherwise obtainable save by consultation of hundreds of Blue Books and expensive Government publications. The articles on the Sciences are written by accredited professors of these sciences in our great Universities.

"The Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia" is the book for the home, and the boy or girl who supplements the home lessons with additional reading on every subject is the well-informed man or woman who achieves distinction in later life.

(See Free Inquiry Form at foot of this page.)

THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR.

A Library of Instruction in Music.

The aim of "The Musical Educator" is to supply, in compact form, a complete musical education. Each department of musical knowledge is undertaken by an expert, and the work is an authoritative guide on everything relating to Music and Singing.

We would especially draw attention to the following sections, the practical value of which will be apparent to all students and professors of music.

The Piano and How to Play It. By Mark Hambourg.

The Art of Organ-playing. By Edwin H. Le Mare.

The Teaching of Singing. By Mdme. Marchesi.

On Playing the Violin. By John Dunn.

The Art of Conducting. By Dr. F. H. Cowen.

Course on Voice Training, Singing, and Solfeggio. Course on the Pianoforte. On the Violin. On Harmonium and American Organ. On the Organ. Lessons on Scientific Basis of Music. Lessons on Rudiments of Music. Course on Harmony and Counterpoint. Lessons in Canon and Fugue. Lessons in Musical Forms, Analysis and Composition. Articles on the Instruments used in Orchestras and in Bands. History of Music. Articles on Children's Music and Musical Drill. On Choir Training and Conducting. Article on Congregational Music. Article on Musical Degrees. Nationality in Music.

Sir J. Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., Organist at Westminster Abbey, writes:

"The 'Musical Educator' is full of useful information plainly set forth. The musical illustrations are excellent."

(See form at foot of this page.)

The MODERN PHYSICIAN.

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

A Book for family reference on all matters relating to Health and Disease: includes descriptions of every part of the human frame—the skeleton, muscles, digestive system, heart and lungs, brain and nervous system, organs of sense, skin, kidneys, etc., being fully explained and illustrated, by means of "mannikins" or dummies in which the various organs overlap each other precisely as they do in the human body. Hygiene and the Laws of Health are fully treated, and Ambulance and First Aid work is also dealt with. Special attention is paid to Physical Culture, foods, beverages, air, exercise, clothing, sleep, baths, holidays, temperament, etc., insomuch as they relate to health. Home Nursing and the preparation of food for invalids are special features. The section devoted to "the Family Medicine Chest" gives the uses, properties and doses of drugs used as pills, drops, lotions, ointments or gargles. A complete collection of valuable recipes is added. One volume deals entirely with the Health of Women. Midwifery and the Health and Ailments of Infants and Children are fully treated.

Our readers may obtain a beautiful little brochure, post free, in which they will be told all about "The Modern Physician," and how they may obtain these five useful volumes for a first payment of 1s. 6d.

(See form at foot of this page.)

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.

A Remarkable Book.

The Business Encyclopædia treats only of Business, but it deals with this important subject fully and completely. It is, therefore, a *business tool*, indispensable and invaluable to the Clerk, the Cashier, the Shopkeeper, the Commercial Traveller, the Agent and Manager, the Solicitor and Accountant, the Merchant and Manufacturer, the Stockbroker, the Capitalist, the Financier, and to all able and ambitious members of every big business staff.

No man can afford to take anything for granted concerning the supremely important subjects dealt with in the British Encyclopædia.

Every article is a Business article; and when it is pointed out that there are 12,000 references in the Index, it will be obvious that every detail connected with business is dealt with, and that every subject can be turned up with the greatest facility. It is *the* book for the practical Business man.

Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Bristol, write:—

"It is *the* work par excellence for every business man to possess."

(See form at foot of this column.)

A HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

By ROBERT FREKE GOULD.

This great work, of which a new edition is now appearing, is an exhaustive study of everything relating to Freemasonry, its antiquities, symbols, constitutions, customs, and history; it includes much out-of-the-way information not otherwise obtainable, and a full investigation of the authentic records of the fraternity all over the world.

The fine illustrations include 36 magnificently coloured plates, illustrating Masonic clothing and regalia, high-class etched frontispieces, and fine engravings of Masonic Marks, Medals, and Plates of Arms.

Sir Edward Letchworth, Grand Secretary, Freemason's Hall, London, W.C., writes:—

"The 'History of Freemasonry' strikes me as a decided improvement on previous editions, and I hope you will have a good sale for it."

FREE INQUIRY FORM.

Caxton Publishing Company,
Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, all information concerning

.....
(Here give the name of the work.)

together with full particulars of your plan of easy payments.

Name.....
(Send this form or a postcard, mentioning "The Modern Man.")

Address .....

.....

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TUNIC COATS.

Has it ever occurred to you why the average uniform looks so much smarter than civilian attire? Personally I believe that the difference is largely due to the tunic collar, which fits close to the neck. You will find it also in many liveries, and the result is always pleasing, for it gives a finish that can never be obtained with the ordinary collar and tie, and with half the amount of trouble in putting on.

It is, of course, impossible for the ordinary man to have his coat cut after this fashion for every day wear, but when you are getting a suit for summer holiday wear, it is worth while considering whether, instead of the usual white or grey flannels, you should not get a suit of white ducks or khaki drill, with the coat cut tunic fashion.

It will have a military appearance that is most attractive.

I should not recommend this form of attire for wear at a popular seaside resort, as it may be liable to attract too much attention, but for comfort and smartness combined, it is hard to beat.

CLEANING A MACINTOSH.

A reader asks me if I can tell him of any method of cleaning a macintosh which has become "so awfully dirty that he is almost ashamed to wear it."

I do not know whether the macintosh in question is a khaki-coloured one, but I presume that this is the case.

The best method of treatment is, I think, to administer a little soap and water with an old nailbrush and a good deal of elbow grease.

This should fetch away most of the dirt, but if it is not altogether successful, you should resort to benzoline, which is the best panacea for all such troubles.

STRAW HATS.

With the advent of the rathe and yellow primrose, our streets begin to be brightened by the no less rathe and scarcely less yellow straw hat. I do not know how it may be in provincial cities, but in London it is now the custom for practically every office man to wear a straw hat to and from work, from the middle of spring till far into the autumn.

In the very hot and sunny days a straw hat is unquestionably a comfort, but it is difficult to understand the reason of its popularity in the early and late parts of the summer, which are usually not less clouded than in the winter. Perhaps it is its lightness, possibly it may be a hankering in the human breast for a brightening in the life about us.

To my mind there is always something pathetic in seeing a row of straw hats hanging on the coat pegs of a city office. Bowlers seem to be in their right places there, but the straw hat smacks of the fresh air and freedom, and the sentiments of a clerk who has a straw hat hanging beside him must be, I imagine, something like those of the canary whose cage is placed in a beautiful garden. If I worked in an office, I think I should wear a bowler hat there and back, and reserve my straw for the evenings or for my early morning walk. That of course, is merely my whim, and I should be sorry if every man felt the same, for the bright straw unquestionably does something to lighten up our streets.

THE STRAW HEADACHE.

I was speaking the other day with a medical man who is the fortunate possessor of a wealthy practice. He informed me that as soon as straw hats resumed their popularity, patients began to consult him concerning mysterious headaches. These, he explained, were wholly due to the wearing of straw hats. Few people, he said, knew how to choose a straw hat. Lightness they demanded, but they accepted hardness as an inevitable concomitant. Their straw hat was too narrow across the brow perhaps, though fitting them perfectly everywhere else. With a felt hat they would ask the tradesman to put it on his block, and ease it where it was tight; and they should do so in the case of straws also.

Nothing is more uncomfortable to wear on a day when there is the slightest wind than the average straw hat. It offers less resistance to the wind than a bowler does, so its readiness to fly off must be due to bad fitting. I think the old doctor's advice is very well worth following out. I would supplement it by advising my readers to see that the inside of their straw hat is lined with flannel, which grips the head much better than leather does.

RUBBER COLLARS.

The collar that pretends to be of linen and is really made of some form of rubber with a white glaze over it, is an imitation, and as such, I suppose I ought to condemn it unconditionally.

But I cannot help admitting that it has its uses; personally I never go away without one.

These collars cost no more than a linen one in the first instance. They never require to be sent to the wash, a rub with a wet sponge being all that is required.

The imposture is, of course, obvious to anyone who is on the look-out for it, for the thickness of the material is nothing like that of the "four-fold" linen collar, and the texture of linen cannot be successfully imitated.

But the rubber collar is very useful in an emergency, and is certainly better than a genuine but dirty one.

Hence if I am going away and am likely to be out of reach of a shop at which to replenish my stock, I always guard against the risk of being left collarless by adding one of these pardonable imitations to those I take with me.

I should not, of course, think of wearing such a thing habitually, for, apart from the question of appearance, they are most uncomfortable, especially in hot weather, for, being unable to absorb perspiration as a linen collar can, they are hot and unpleasant to wear, and are apt to chafe the neck.

WHAT PANAMAS SHOULD COST.

A friend of mine now working on a sugar plantation in Columbia sent me some interesting information in regard to Panama hats, about which so much nonsense has been written. He informs me that the straw for making a single hat costs from 8d. to 2s., according to its quality. The Columbian peasant is quite content to work at 10d. a day, and for four days' labour he would thus get 3s. 4d.; that is the time it takes to make a Panama hat of the cheapest quality. The actual cost of producing a Panama hat is therefore 4s.

For the manufacture of the best quality of Panamas, however, as much as fifteen days' work is required. At 10d. a day this gives us 12s. 6d., and allowing for the price of the straw the total cost is 14s. 6d.

If we allow 50 per cent. of the cost of production, we should be giving a fair reward to the manufacturer, and also to the shopman, and at that rate of profit we should be able to buy genuine Panama hats at from 6s. to 21s. 9d. Instead of that, however, outfitters charge from a guinea to £5 and upwards. I understand that each individual, through whose hands the hat passes before it reaches the wearer, has only a moderate profit. The fault lies in the number of middlemen between the peasant maker and the shopkeeper.

SOFT FELT HATS.

The soft hat with a dent down the middle seems to be becoming more prevalent—one cannot help using the same word as one would apply to a disease, for there are so few men who look really well in them, that I cannot consider it a desirable departure in men's attire.

For a young man, at any rate, there is little to be said for the soft hat; it gives an effeminate look—why I do not quite know, for though this form of headgear is usually accorded by artists to the typical suffragette, to do them justice, but few momen would be seen in such a thing.

If you wear one of these hats, there is always the danger of being taken for a socialist leader—horrible thought!

The one form in which a "split hat" is possible for a young man is the so-called "Alpine hat," of dark green or brown, or even dark blue, with a broad and pliable brim.

Yet even these suit few men and are fortunately going out of fashion again.

The bowler, the cloth cap, and the straw hat supply all that the average man requires in the way of headgear.

KILT GARTERS.

For those readers who like a little novelty about their attire, and who have occasion to wear breeches with stockings, I can recommend the Highland garter.

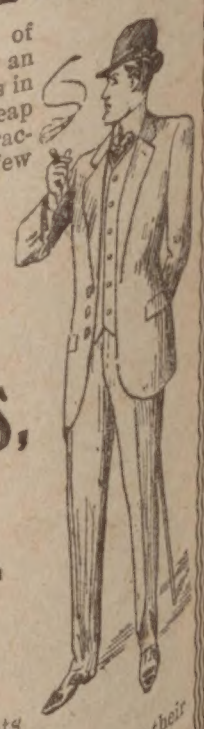
The ordinary Southerner has few chances of seeing a man wearing the kilt, but next time you meet one, if you have not already noticed them, just observe his garters, and you will see that there are two little tabs hanging down at the side of his calf, where the ends of the garter are allowed to show from beneath the turned back top of the stocking.

The colour of the garter, which is made of some sort of tape or braid, is usually either scarlet or black, but if you do not wish to make them too obtrusive, some colour more nearly that of the stocking may be chosen.

The two ends should be finished off in the shape of a V or W, and should only show an inch or two below the roll of the stocking.

This little point, which is affected by many sportsmen especially on the northern moors, gives a finish to the stockinged leg, but be careful never to wear these garters with boots. Their correct concomitant is a pair of stout and serviceable brogues.

Distinctive Tailoring



not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect

BY

J. & H. ELLIS,

Of 201, Strand, London,
And 20, Farringdon St., E.C.,
TO THEIR
Harris Tweed Suits, from 45/-
Dress Suits, from 70/-
AND
"Aquasoko" Overcoats, from 42/-

proves them to be specialists in their line of business. It is because they know the secret of making men's clothes that they offer their services with every confidence, and feel it

Commands Your Patronage.

Printed by HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., 113-117, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, W.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d. to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Thanet House, Strand, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

One Frock Coat, 7s. 6d.; dark Lounge Suit, 10s.; two Jacket Suits, 12s. 6d. each; White Waistcoat, 2s. 6d.; four pairs Boots, 12s. 6d,; sell lot two guineas cash.—Box 216, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Splendid Fancy Summer Waistcoats.—6s. each; various patterns; special value for money; send P.O. for 6s., and 4d. for carriage, stating size; money returned if not satisfied.—Box 193, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

What offers?—Frock coat, as new, 37in.; lounge suit of dark cashmere, good condition; burberry golf suit; and Scotch tweed check suit, 43in.—Box 240, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Dark Blue Tweed Lounge Suit.—Never worn; with a fancy waistcoat, and extra pair of trousers; 38in., waist 36in.; accept 30s.; approval willingly.—Box 241, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Silk Hat.—New shape, worn once; size 7¾, will wear well; 7s. 6d., cost double.—Box 244, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Grey Cheviot Tweed Overcoat.—Very slightly worn, suit tall man; 20s.; approval; deposit.—Box 286, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Dress Suit and extra Coat.—Good condition; only want pressing and cleaning; sell 17s. 6d.—Box 287, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Dark Frock Coat and pair striped Trousers; 38 in.; 5ft. 7½in.; 18s.—Box 288, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Morning Coat and Vest.—Nearly new; cost 30s.; sell 15s.—Box 289, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Cycling Suit.—Scotch tweed; best make; sell 25s. or exchange for Dark Navy Lounge Suit.—Box 290, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Thoroughly good Harris Tweed Frock Coat; dark preferred; height 5ft. 7½in., chest 37in.; no dealers.—Full particulars to Box 245, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Well cut Morning Coat (braided), Vest and Trousers; must be in first-rate condition and cheap for cash.—Full particulars to Box 291, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good light material Walking Suit; height 5ft. 10in., chest 39in.—Lowest price to Box 292, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Harris Tweed Suit in good condition; 5ft. 8in. and 38in.—All particulars to Box 293, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

SPORTING APPLIANCES.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells.—Practically new; sell 7s. 6d., with book of exercises.—Box 198, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Punching Ball.—Nearly new, with all necessary fittings and pair of Gloves to use with same; sell 12s. cash; cost double; a genuine bargain.—Box 226, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pair of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells.—Almost new; what offers? Including book of exercises.—Box 249, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Punching Ball and stand complete.—In splendid condition; cost £2 5s.; sell for £1, or exchange.—Box 276, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

American Split Cane 10ft. Fishing Rod.—2 tops, basket, loose tackle. New Khaki Infantry Uniform with puttees, outside pockets; 35-in. chest, 30-in. trousers.—Box 279, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Sandow Developer, hardly used.—Sacrifice, 7s.—C. Morle, 150, Finchley Road, N.W.

For sale.—Bagatelle Table; upon slate bed on massive mahogany stand; size approxmately 10ft. by 3ft. 6in.; including all accessories, which are in first-rate condition; price for quick sale, £7, cost double; a genuine bargain.—Box 252, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Army and Navy Binocular.—Unsoiled; 10 powerful lenses; fitted sunshades; sling case; sacrifice 25s. or offer.—Box 285, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Pair of Fishing Waders and Basket.—Cheap; must be in perfect order.—Box 277, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Pair of Grip Dumb-Bells and Sandow Developer in good condition—Box 271, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted to Hire for occasional week-ends, fully equipped Dinghy.—Lowest terms to Box 265, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Complete second-hand Gymnasium Outfit for Men's Club (London).—State all possible details and very lowest price to Box 256, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Greenhart Fly Rod, 11ft. or 12ft., with cork grips and all necessary tackle. Approval required.—Box 251, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Webley-Scott's Repeating Pistol.—Government proved; perfectly new, with pigskin case and box of cartridges; 57s 6d., or nearest offer.—Box 175, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

DOGS AND HORSES.

Well-bred Black-and-tan Terrier.—Excellent house dog, well-mannered; age 4 years; will exchange for bull pup.—Box 144, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

First-class Whippet for sale.—Good courser; sell a guinea, or entertain exchange.—Box 262, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pure bred wire-haired Fox Terrier Dog.—Splendid companion and guard; good ratter; 15 months; 25s.—Box 272, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Distemper in Dogs.—Send 2s. 6d. for never-failing remedy; complete cure in a few days.—Box 294, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Thoroughbred Bloodhound, must be used to tracking; full details regarding price, etc.—Box 260, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

HOBBIES.

B.S.A. Tandem for Sale.—Clincher tyres, 3 Bowden brakes, free wheel, Brook's saddles; made two years ago by local maker to own specification; smooth running; splendid condition; £10.—Box 211, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Cycle Shed wanted.—Portable, to hold two or three machines; state lowest price (delivered to Streatham), giving full particulars.—Box 229, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Gentleman's Cycle.—Free wheel; inverted Lever brakes; Christy saddle; Dunlop tyre; 35s; bargain.—Box 273, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

½-plate Camera—Good R.R. Lens; three-fold tripod; three double dark slides; canvas carrying case; 37s. 6d; approval.—Bourke, The Firs, Hamilton, N.B.

Frena Hand Camera, Beck Lens—Carries 40 Films; cost £3 3s.; also folding Pocket Camera, 30s.—Williams, 15, Carrysbell Street, Swansea.

Wanted.—Thoroughly good folding Hand Camera, by Adams, Watson, or other first-class maker; Goerz, Zeiss, or Ross lens preferred; cannot give fancy price.—Box 209, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

BOOKS.

Beautifully calf-bound, gilt-edge Volume on Piscatorial Life.—Illustrated with finely-coloured engravings; in perfect condition; cost 5 guineas; sell £2 cash. Box 155, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Gentleman's Library for Sale.—List on receipt of stamped envelope.—Box 283, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

To Civil Service Students.—Successful Excise man has more than a dozen good test-books to dispose of for 10s. 6d.—Particulars on application to Box 294, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

For sale.—Complete Harmsworth Encyclopædia; 40 unbound volumes; condition perfect; carriage paid, 20s.—Box 295, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

"DIGS."

London, N.—Comfortably Furnished Bedroom, with use of Sitting-room; convenient for City and West-End; moderate terms; board optional.—Write for full particulars to Box 136, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Bournemouth.—Apartments or Board-Residence; near sea and station; write for terms.—Mrs. Dawkins, "Comragh," York Road, Bournemouth.

Wanted.—"Digs" on good old country farm, amid pretty scenery, not too far from London; terms must be moderate and inclusive.—State full particulars to C. C. B., 81, Brecknock Road, London, N.

TRADE.

The full Proprietary Rights in a Liqueur for sale; easily and inexpensively manufactured.—Box 143, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Fountain Pen Bargains.—New; solid 14 ct. gold nib; iridium tipped; priced 10s. 6d.; box, instructions complete; accept 3s. 9d. to clear.—Morrow, 83, Arthur Road, Wimbledon Park, London.

Every Modern Man should possess a Fountain Pen.—May be obtained in fine, medium, or broad nibs; 14 ct. gold, iridium pointed; price 3s. 6d. post paid. Special terms for quantities.—Box 145, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

"Advertiser will send on receipt of 1s. 6d. a genuine Recipe of how he cured himself of Nervous Weakness without medicine after years of misery."—Box 274, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Embrocation.—Recipe written for P.O. 6d.; P.O.'s only accepted.—Box 275, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Show a Clean Face to the World.—The "Derby" Razor, last word in Shavers; warranted, and returnable if unsatisfactory; 3s. and 5s., post free.—Box 280, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Shorthand in Four Lessons.—Introductory lesson, 1s.; complete postal course, 4s. 6d.—Coombe, The Arcade, Aberystwyth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

100 Old Wood-Cut Prints, illustrating various trades; suitable for ideas for posters, showcards, booklet covers; full and exclusive rights for sale.—Box 140, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Singing.—Practising made pleasant and interesting; low terms.—Baritone, Box 191, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Solid Silver Chain.—Very neat design, with gold locket in middle; cost a guinea, sell 10s. 6d.—Box 228, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Goodlad Speedometer for Bike, 12s. 6d.; Ticka Watch Camera, 10s. 6d.; Strong Medical Coil, 10s. 6d; these are cost prices; what offers?—Hartshorn, Jermyn Street, Leicester.

Fowler's Improved Phrenological Bust, 4s. 6d.; Human Skull marked Phrenologically, 10s., good condition.—Box 278, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Sell Silver Cigarette Case 8s. 6d.; splendid flask (new), 7s. 6d.; Revolver (small), 10s.; wanted part exchange Good Suit.—Box 284, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Full China Tea Set.—Forty pieces; cheap, 15s.—51, Ashford Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip V. Cooke M.D.

LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."

Torr-Aluinn, Dunoon. N.B.

Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

Lady Powell

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessie Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E Perry Colonel

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

F Bacot Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray
Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
-Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

M. M.

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co